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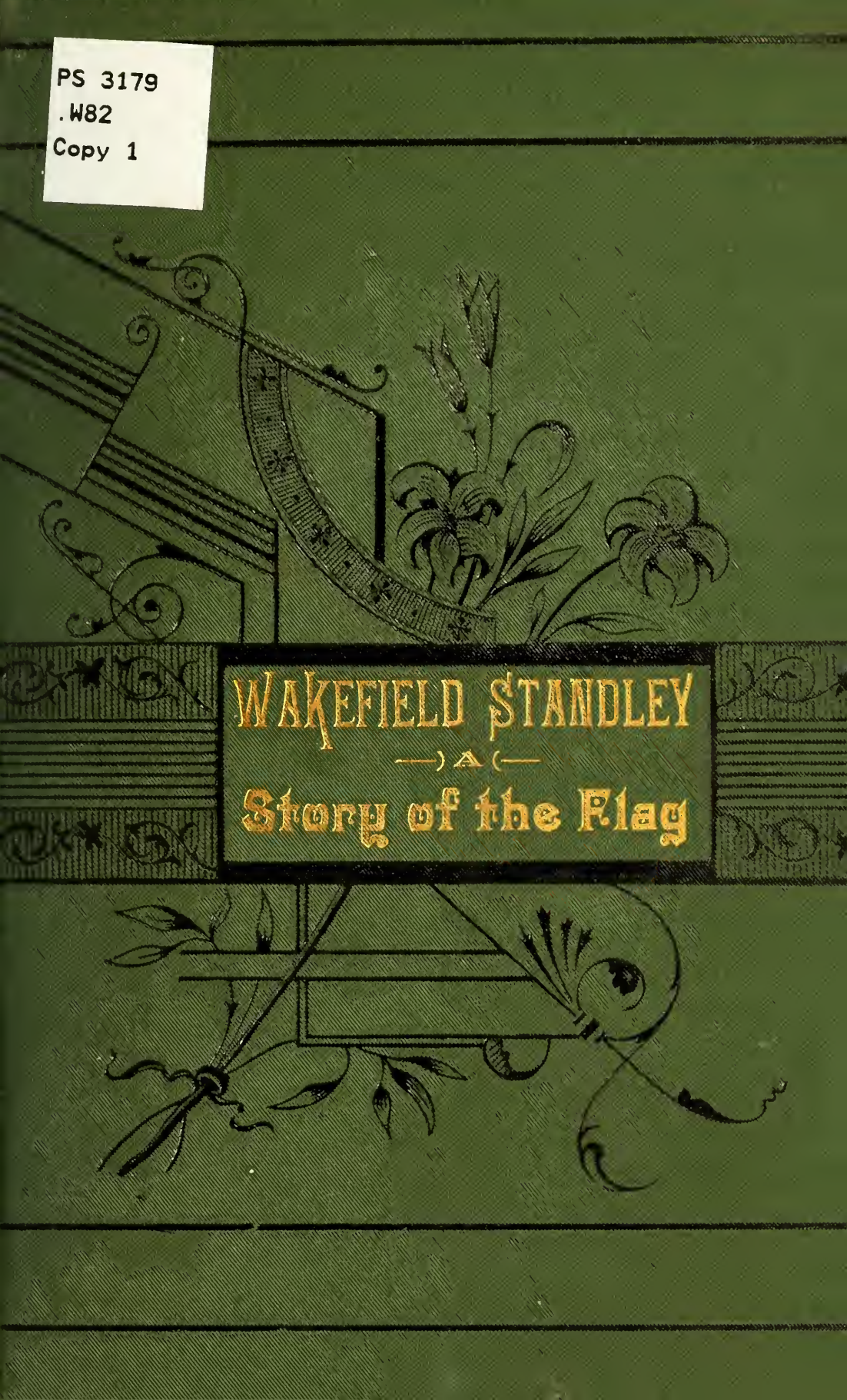

WAKEFIELD STANDLEY

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Story of the Flag

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Wakefield Standley.

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A

Story of the Flag.

Carroll Record, Carrollton, Mo
1888.

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THIS

STORY OF A SOLDIER

IS

DEDICATED

TO

The Grand Army of the Republic:

THOSE

WHO ARE YET WITH US,

AND THOSE

Who Fell Beneath the Shadow of the

Old Flag.

CARROLLTON, MO., 1888.

"However disagreeable it may be to review the troubles of our country, every patriot will look upon it as his duty not to let them pass without notice.

"The period of misfortune is the most fruitful source of instruction. By investigating the causes of National commotions, by tracing their progress, and by carefully marking the means through which they are brought to a conclusion, well established principles may be deduced for preserving the future tranquility of the commonwealth."—*Minot's Hist. Insurrections in Mass.*

"When a people, has engaged with passionate earnestness in a great movement, in behalf of a great cause, no mistakes, no disasters, no remorse, no reaction, however natural and mighty it may be, can efface from its heart, the remembrance of its first days of strength and hope."—*Trans. Guizot.*

I heard an angel speak last night
He said to me—
"Write!
What I tell thee:
"Write the scorn of honest men for wrong,
Write it plain, and clear, and strong,
And write on iron or brass,
That all may read who pass,
Honor is not a dream;
True men are what they seem:
A glorious deed survives,
The span of human lives;
And lives the world's ages through;
When the war is a tale of old,
And this man's story is told,
Men shall hear what man may do!"

CARROLLTON, MO., 1888.

Wakefield Standley.

A Story of the Flag.

"MOTHER DEAR," said my boy to me
As he sat in his chair, beside my knee,
"I wish you would tell me about the war.
Who fought battles? And what for?
What made it? When the roses blow
Why do the men and women go
With heads bent down, and footsteps slow
Out to the graveyard, where lie low
The soldiers? I have heard the drum.
It seems to say, 'Come! come! come!'
And why am I named for Uncle Wake
Who had no boy of his own, to take
His queer odd name, and carry it on;
Why wasn't I named James or John?"

I looked in his honest, earnest eyes,
Full of innocent, sweet surprise,
And I thought of that time, when God in wrath
From the grapes of life pressed the must of death,
When men in pain, by winnowers twain
Were flailed and threshed, like chaff from grain
And racked and tortured, body and brain ;
Condemned for years to ceaseless pain ;
To long for rest, yet long in vain —
Because of Man's selfish greed for gain,
When over our land from sea to sea
There was sorrow and mourning and misery,
Hearts aching with breaking for dear ones slain
Hearts breaking with aching for dear ones' pain,
Pain, that no loving hands could stay,
Through the cruel war, that day by day
Saddened our hearts with scenes of woe
As we saw the soldiers come, and go.

Whenever I think of my girlhood's years,
I see through mists of tears and fears,
Again the marching soldiers come,
With floating flag, and beating drum ;
I hear again their bugle blow ;
I see the horsemen riding slow,
With heads bowed down ; I see them go

Out of the town—beyond the hill
The hoof-beats echo ; all is still ;
Back to its home, each sad heart goes,
The war goes on, its tale of woes
Grows longer, heavier day by day,
The world swings on, it does not stay ;
Strong in our veins life's currents play
Meeting and parting every day.

Sometimes on household errands bent,
Or with but half-defined intent,
I go on the road-way leading down
Across the bridge, up into town,
I look far down its busiest street
To where the sky and river meet,
A ragged fringe of cottonwood
Hangs over red Missouri's flood,
And thought goes shivering back, to see
What dread that river holds for me ;
The skies are fair, no clouds are seen,
The sunlight rests on far Saline,
I turn away, with saddened heart
My heart beats fast, the tear drops start.

Along that old, familiar street
An old time friend, I often greet

Who wears his manhood hale and green,
Though many a year has slipt between
Him, and those days of long ago.
I've seen his boys to manhood grow,
Yet in those now forgotten years,
He converse held, of hopes, of fears,
How best to plan, what steps to take.
He loved and trusted Uncle Wake.
Now one is gone ; the other stays
And shows that through life's devious ways
A man may walk, that all men can
Trust to his mind to think and plan,
And say wherein his life they scan,
" Here is a true, an honest man."

Sometimes along the shady street
I hear a sound, a rhythmic beat,
Then comes a tall, a manly form
That like the oak might breast the storm,
And from his shoulders borne by rule
One sees the sign, the soldier's school ;
The wooden crutch that aids his way
Tells of those years, long passed away.
And swift as sparkling waters run
Now gay, now sad, in shade, in sun ;
I heard a son of Hermes tell

Of the brave men who fought and fell
At Lookout, Dalton, Mission Ridge
And how Missourians kept a bridge
Way down in Georgia ; hand to hand ;
Then, like the Roman, swam to land.

On sunny days, in town, I see
One like a knight of chivalry ;
No braver heart in castle hall,
His name his friends with honor call ;
Yet when I see his empty sleeve
It makes even me, a stranger grieve.
And one dwells there, whose voice and pen
Speaks for the right and fellow-men,
The record of his life is clean
A kindlier man is seldom seen ;
And making protest 'gainst the wrong
With manly utterance, clear and strong,
A modern Sampson, yet unshorn
Sends forth the arrows of his scorn
Like fire-brands through the Philistine's corn.

Another's there, whose foes must say
He seeks to walk in honor's way,
And none can say, "the gold have I
That can his heart and conscience buy"—
All these were soldiers, each did take

His life in hand, like Uncle Wake.
Each one like him, were "boys in blue,"
Each helped to win our victory, too.

Far from his German Fatherland
Is one who calls our land his land,
The weight of years rests on his head,
Yet in that time now long since fled
He lent his strength our state to hold
'Gainst rude attack of foemen bold—

And I remember one, who dwelt
Among us long. He too, had felt
In his brave breast the battle scars ;
Though alien born, our country's wars
Found him a soldier brave and true ;
With pride he wore our loyal blue ;
I saw the long procession go,
With muffled drums, and marching slow,
Out to St. Mary's, where in trust
They gave to earth the hero's dust,
A soldier-statesman ; yet no stone
Tells of the name and fame he won.
In many a grass-grown grave to-day
Sleep those who gave their lives away
A willing sacrifice—that we

Should hold our state in liberty ;
But careless of her great renown
And heedless of her glory's crown,
The men who for her freedom died
She names not on her rolls of pride,
And men forget that honor true
Is theirs of right who wore our blue.

Thought wanders back, and seeks to trace
The loves, the hopes, that gave life grace
In those sad years. The sunshine sifts
Through leafy boughs in radiant drifts,
And locust trees around the square
With fragrance fill the sunny air ;
Industrious bees are hovering there
In bud and blossom sweet and fair,
As in those days "before the war,"
When neighbors gathered near and far,
Under their shade each summer morn
To ask each other's chance for corn ;
To tell how California claimed
This son or that whom Carroll named.
Along the street men pass to-day
Who saw our brave boys ride away ;
Yet who, of all, along the street
Remember now, once they did greet

As friend, a soldier, tried and true,
First among those who wore our blue?
His country called, he heard the word
And beat his plowshare to a sword,
Yet half forgot, this many a year,
Save but by one who held him dear.

Only a little time ago
And her sad heart was wont to go,
Encircled by a mystic band
She in that place of graves would stand.
Deep in her luminous eyes the glow,
The visions fair of long ago,
The sunlight streaming through the leaves
Of trunks and branches—brown like sheaves
Of ripened wheat—in fragrant flood ;
The year's completeness fruit and bud
Hung like a crown above his grave,
Her dead—nor God himself could save !
She saw the stream that flowed between
Dark vistas in the leafage green ;
And smoke wreaths rise where straw-fires burned ;
It was a merry world that turned
Its face up to the sun. Spring's busy hums
Beat in her ears like martial drums ;
The orioles flashed among the trees,

And swarms of yellow-banded bees
Intent upon their fragrant spoil,
The sweet reward of morning toil,
Hummed in the cherry orchard near ;
All the broad sky was blue, and clear,
And the fields green with growing corn ;
Only her own sad heart, forlorn !
From out her soul there burst a cry
Like swimmer in his agony,
To know the purpose of her loss,
To help her heart to bear its cross !

The ghost of that dead love would rise,
And at her soul with hopeless eyes
Look long. * * She felt how vain
The sacrifice ! Long had he lain
Forgotten ! * * Like a dying fire
The purpose, hope, the strong desire
To make of life a noble strife,
To leave ere yet the close of life
Upon the century's roll his name,
Flashed up—a dream that ne'er came
True. * * Gone ! like the flame !
And life's dull tide must ebb and flow,
The years roll on, now swift, now slow.

Resting upon his northward wing,
She heard the prophet of the spring,
The blue bird, his sweet carol sing ;
The black bird's whistle clear and free,
The robin's song of careless glee ;
And as their songs her heart would stir
Those sweet lost days came back to her,
When without thought of fear or harm
She leaned upon her lover's arm,
The world before them fair and sweet,
Now dust and ashes at her feet—
Only the record on the stone
To tell the dream his heart had known,
His good, true heart ! So nearly won
The guerdon of a race well run,
Just at the end, must faint and fall !
Was that the end ? Could this be all ?

Through silent woods on grave and stone
The sunlight fell with blessings down,
And hallowed hush, and softened hue
Wove Spring's bright promises anew,
While earth, and air, with balm and flowers
Sent tribute to the hast'ning hours ;
She heard soft voices stir below
The half-seen creek's unceasing flow ;

She heard through all the budding trees
The winds blow pleasant melodies ;
She saw in every flower and tree
The hope of life that yet should be ;
The red-bud lit the distant glooms
Of the deep woods ; and apple blooms,
And hawthorn white with sweet perfumes,
And the gray willow's feathery plumes,
Filled all the air. A silent band
Like sentinels, the oak trees stand
To guard her soldier's silent sleep,
Their solemn trust the trees would keep ;
And then, the tempest in her breast
Was stilled. Like gentle winds, the rest,
The peace, that passeth knowledge filled
Her fainting heart ; her spirit thrilled
With hope. Beyond the oak trees tall
She saw God's sky wide over all,
The trees, the graves, the lovely land—
And well she knew the mighty Hand
That holds of death the sacred keys,
And life's unequal destinies,
Could with His smile, His glowing breath,
Bid life rise glorious out of death.
Not in the air and earth alone
Should the great mystery be shown ;

The yearly miracle of spring
To man is but foreshadowing
That blessed day, when angel hands
Shall break in twain death's icy bands.

The perfect love that casts out fear
Filled her sad soul with hope and cheer ;
She felt in quickened pulse and blood
That though but blindly understood,
And half forgot, he seemed to sleep ;
The harvest he had failed to reap
Would be by others garnered in ;
What he had lost would others win,
And far and wide through all the land
Would reapers bless the sower's hand ;
And like the mirage fair in air
The sweet hope cheered her soul's despair.
She knew that somewhere in God's world,
'Mid stars and flowers, and soft clouds curled,
Where all earth gives of good and fair
Blossoms in that diviner air,
In circling sweep through outer dark,
Somewhere, somehow, life's narrow arc
Must widen into perfect day ;
And Love's own hand should wipe away
The tears from eyes long used to weep,

Nor lonely soul sad vigil keep.
From care and sorrow swift released,
At Heaven's own blessed marriage feast,
Dear eyes should never lose their shine
And Christ would once more make the wine!

Now she is gone—beneath the trees
She sleeps—the pale anemones
And sweet wild roses o'er her head
Their blossomed fragrance sweet will shed;
And who shall keep alive the fire
Of that dear dream, her heart's desire?

Sometimes on holy afternoons
I walk among the grassy dunes;
I watch the sunbeams on the grass,
The flitting shadows wave and pass
Above the heads now lying low
With perfect peace on lip and brow.
"Sleep well, sleep soundly"—then I say—
"'Tis well ye are not here to-day;
Your sleep is dreamless, ye departed,
Not all in life are restful-hearted."
I think of those long gone to dust,
Of him whose faith taught us to trust;
A man of God—he walked serene

Through this world's storms. 'Mid foes unclean
He held his way in those dark years,
With courage midst men's doubts and fears.

I think of her, whose steadfast truth
Long mourned the husband of her youth;
She felt the battle's thunder blaze,
And sorrowing softly, all her days
She walked apart life's troubled ways.
No child of her's that bore the hue
Of his dear face. No eyes of blue,
No dimpled hands to sooth her care,
But many a time on my boy's hair
Her soft hands laid, her eyes in prayer
Upraised. How shall I dare
To lift the veil, so thin, so strong
'Twixt us and her? 'Tis now not long
Since her tired feet were crossed in rest—
Her pale hands folded on her breast;
Shall I disturb that slumber blest?
And still my thought goes back to him
Whose sun of life at noon grew dim;
Noble and strong, and kind and true,
Who proved as good men ever do,
That man may safely trust in man.

Life's fight well fought. Nay, nay, how can
I wake him again to tears and fears
From out the peaceful sleep of years?

My boy still sits my chair beside,
And see—the door is opened wide!
I heard no footfall on the floor;
Was it the wind that shut the door?
And throwing coat and hat aside,
Who stirs the fire, that else had died?
My boy still sits beside my chair,
Who laid a hand upon his hair?
Was it a breeze that stirred the air?
I know when angels visit me
Though others neither hear nor see;
From Heaven's wide open lattices
They speak to us on days like this,
We may not kiss them back, nor know
The paths by which they come and go;
Heaven's angels oft are on the wing—
If our dull ears could hear them sing
The music chords are one at heart
Though tones and octaves range apart.

We know our wonder-world is full
Of secrets, rare and beautiful;
If our near-sighted eyes could heed,

If we would only learn to read
Christ's book, as widespread open now
As when by gliding Kedron's flow
He said, in gentle accents low,
"Consider how the lilies grow."
His wonder book, with leaves wind-blown,
Good in all things, truths writ in stone,
With Gilead's balm for man's sad hours,
Its every page illumed with flowers.
That toil not, neither do they spin,
Yet Solomon his glory in
Was not arrayed like one of these;
Consider, too, the stately trees;
And whither goes the healing breeze
That brings the still, small, patient rain;
Who heard the thirsty earth complain?
Who can tell where the west wind blows?
Whence comes the treasures of the snows?
The hidden secret no one knows
Of man's great mystery of breath;
That greater mystery, we call death;
We hear the ceaseless monotone
Of the deep sea, yet all unknown
To us the mystic force and power
Its tides evoke, at midnight's hour;
We see its multitudinous waves

Obey the winds—like bended slaves—
Yet know not how they curve its caves.
And that vast secret of the skies,
When all unseen, by our dull eyes,
Across the sky from east to west,
Ne'er making haste, nor seeking rest,
Slow march behind the sun's white bars
The great grand army of the stars ;
Only the eagle's eyes can trace
Each star in its appointed place ;
'Tis only when the night comes down
Our earth can see her starry crown ;
And all this joy is 'round us yet
As when he talked from Olivet ;
A treasure-book that now as then
Is richer than the books of men.
So, like these secrets of the sky
And earth, that all about us lie,
May come some dear, long vanished face,
And bending near with tender grace
Some loved hand wipe our tears away
And point us to the fairer day.

And thrilling with a wild unrest,
My heart beats strong within my breast ;
I look out to the far, blue sky,

And Faith, and Hope, and Love, ask "Why,
Whence comes, where goes Life's mystery?"
My boy who sits beside my chair,
The sunshine falling on his hair,
Will some day slip away from me
Out in the wide, wide world, to see
With his own eyes. Oh, if I could
By bringing pebbles, bits of wood,
Build a low wall along the way
That he must walk ere dawns that day;
And set a lamp thereon, to light
His boyish footsteps through the night!

Or, like the mother's hand who sews
What time that others seek repose,
And fashions covering, close and warm,
To keep the baby safe from harm
And snugly tuck about his head,
Asleep within his cradle-bed—
From bits of silk and satin fine,
And velvet soft and 'broidered vine
Wrought in with many a quaint design,
Of brier-stitch in strange device;
The while her tender brooding eyes
Keep constant watch where'er he lies.
It may be I a quilt may form

To keep my boy secure from harm,
When I lie out beneath the storm.

I know what swallows say to me
When they come back from 'cross the sea ;
They fly up high in windy skies,
My soul leans out to hear their cries ;
Amid the oak tree's soft brown flowers
They hide while fall the April showers.
When the sun shines bright the swallow
Calls to his mate, "Oh, follow ! follow !"
Away, away, a maze of wings,
A sudden whirr of glancing rings,
Up to the sky I watch them fly,
"Follow ! follow !" I hear them cry.

Some day, I know, when October turns
The maples red—his frost-fire burns
Through all the woods, as one who grieves
Had made a pyre of fragrant leaves
For the dead Summer—from the sky
Far off to me a voice will cry ;
Then when the swallows homeward fly
That voice will say, "Oh, follow ! follow !"
Farther than flight of farthest swallow
My soul will rise on outspread wings
Up to the land where sunrise springs,

Rise like a bird that soars and sings ;
Beyond the streamers that herald day
I shall go, alone—my boy will stay.

Oh, if I could thus shield my child
By bringing back the story wild
Of those dark years ! A mother's love
Is strong and true as heaven above ;
When far from home, and her removed,
The flower she wore, the book she loved,
Like hands of magic draw his heart
To keep him from earth's ills apart.
Deep in his heart in secret glows
A fire that he, he only knows,
And like the shell from ocean's shore,
That sings and sings for evermore
Its song of the mysterious sea,
His strong heart yearns to know and see
The mystery of maternity.

We know that when our world began
God and his angels talked with man,
A chain from Heaven to earth far-reaching,
To man His holiest lessons teaching ;
Somewhere, somehow, this chain was broken,
And this we know by many a token ;

And when at last on Chaldea's plain
The angels spoke from Heaven again,
And sang their old, their sweet refrain :
" Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,"
And all the wondering midnight air
Was lit with glory shining there,
And all the stars together rang
Their sweetest bells in joyful clang,
Then was not Mary, young and pure,
Chosen by God, while years endure,
The link to lead from earth to heaven ?
And man, his every sin forgiven,
Should find in her sweet motherhood
The ideal dear, of her, who should
Gather his children at her knee
And sing to them the mystery
The shepherds heard on Bethlehem's plain :
" Peace upon earth, good will to men."

* * * * * *

I hear again the bugles blow !
I see again the soldiers go !
What was that sound ? did some one speak ?
I felt a tear fall on my cheek !
" Oh, little Wake, for his dear sake,
Love honor, ne'er thy truth forsake,
And " * * * * *

"Mother, dear! Are you asleep?
Your eyes are wet, why do you weep?
I have read three pages of history here,
And almost four."
I said, "My dear,
Listen to me, and hear me tell—
'Tis time you know and know right well—
What it cost to make our nation free,
The price we paid for liberty.

"When God made man, He made man free,
The sons of God were there to see,
With coals from the altar-fire of Heaven
They kindled a fire in his soul. 'Twas given,
Like the song in the shell of the far off sea,
A longing for home, where'er he might be,
The hope of his immortality.
For this man gives his hoarded gold,
Woman her jewels, wealth untold,
Silver and treasure, countless store,
Measure heaped up and running o'er;
Woman gives love, and man gives life,
He will leave forever his home and wife,
Whate'er he holds dearest on earth to be,
For this wonderful, beautiful, liberty.

"Through all the years, in all the lands,
Since the first man first raised his hands
Up to the cold, unpitying sky—
To question whence he came and why—
That fire the angels kindled burns
In the heart of man, while the old world turns.
Where'er a glorious deed is done,
Whene'er a land for freedom won—
Under the all beholding sun—
The slave who cowers beneath a lash
Looks up, and sees the lightning flash;
He feels the soul within him climb
To heights where manhood walks sublime,
And sees the light that shines upon
The distant hills where Christ has gone.

Some day these little feet of yours,
Swift racing with the flying hours,
Will reach the mountain summit grand,
The height whence manhood rules our land,
And by your vote, you then must say
Whether the land, be this, that way,
It is a serious thing to be—
A man, and twenty-one, and free,
And men are only boys grown tall,
The same heart beats in great or small.

Man's heart should not be dull, or numb,
But to his country's altar come—
Each day, and consecrate anew
Himself, his heart, his will, to do
The greatest good to fellow-man,
To make of life the best he can,
Wide as humanity's wide sea
Is manhood's opportunity ;
Inheritor of the ages he—
Joint heir of immortality ;

The heart that beats within his breast
That stirs his soul with wild unrest ;
Holds for him 'midst life's grief and tears,
The garnered sweetness of the years,
Life's treasured splendor there appears ;
No storm, no tide, no earthquake shock
Can move the Love, that on a rock
Has laid a deep foundation sure,
It shall to endless years endure.—

All the fair things that round us lie,
Catch their enchantment from the sky ;
This vast and wondrous world of ours,
Its mountain peaks, its lovely flowers,
Its winds and clouds, and rain and snow,
And nature's voices whispering low,

Her occult forces, vague and dim
To us, in our horizon's brim ;
Each planet on its turning pole,
Each sun with stars that round it roll,
Are ministers of God, and draw
From Him their universal law,
All are but parts of one great plan,
God's greatest, noblest work is Man.
And as the shell sings of the sea,
Man's heart should turn, where e'er he be
Back to the God, who made him free.

'Tis said the ancient Greeks were first
To find that when the kernel burst
From bearded grain, the snowy wheat
Was good for gods and men, to eat.
'Tis said they were the first to see
That man was born to liberty.
But when the men in Greece began
To hold as slave a fellow man,
Mostly the prisoners—spoils of war—
The blood-bought gain brought from afar,
When they grew rich, and proud as well
And votes of men could buy and sell,
Then Liberty from Greece withdrew
And o'er the Adriatic flew

To where the Tiber pours its urn,
—Some day those verses you may learn—
Again her fires began to burn;
Many and many a debt we owe
Those ancient heathen, you may know
When you unto a man shall grow.

But not for long in pagan Rome
Within mud-walls she made her home,
The State grew large, and rich and great
With haughtiness and pride elate;
Then men who held the reins of power
Saw not the dark'ning storm clouds lower,
The votes of others bought and sold—
The root of sin is greed for gold ;—
The man who sells his vote for gain,
Some transient favor to obtain,
Is but a slave, in fact the same,
As if he bore his master's name—
Then Liberty was sore distrest,
She found in all the world no rest :
Beside the frugal peasant's hearth,
She shared his children's household mirth,
She ate their black and bitter bread,
But had not where to lay her head
She roamed these western prairies wild ;

In wigwams with God's forest child
She converse held ; but his wild way
Suited her not; one dreary day,
'Twas in December, and the snow,
Lay thick and white on ground below.
She saw a strange sail on the sea,
She wondered what the ship might be—
And when the keel first felt the shock
Of land, and stepped on Plymouth Rock,
The men who fled across the sea
Seeking to find sweet Liberty.
In words of greeting to them, then :
"Welcome ! oh welcome, Englishmen."
She looked across the forest wild
Before her eyes the desert smiled ;
The wilderness like flowers in June ;
Rich fields beneath the harvest moon ;
Cities, and towns afar and near,—
She saw, with eyes, like prophets clear ;
But on that bleak December morn
The men and women all forlorn,
Saw only pine-trees crowned with snow,
And oh, how cold the winds did blow !
But gathered all the Pilgrim band
From the ship's deck upon the strand ;

To the wind's anthem loud they sang.
Through woods, o'er sea, their voices sang,

"Now to this empire of the west
A glorious boon we bring;
A church without a bishop,
A state without a king!"

They planted in that wintry ground
The seeds, whose harvest we have found,
Our blessed heritage of the free
Our constitutional liberty,—
That very day, that very year
Began the war, so long, so drear,
And fought with many a bitter tear
And won with agony and fear,
When down on old Virginia's shore
At Appomattox Court House door
In mortal pain, with famine gaunt
The Cause gave up its sword to Grant.

At Plymouth Rock a Landmark stands,
A beacon light for other lands
A signal to the ships at sea;
From far and near all men may see;
And deeply graven on the stone,

Is writ the name of every one
Who landed on that dreary day,
From the ship Mayflower far away.

WHEN I was small, a child like you,
I had to learn my lessons too,
And oft beside my father's chair
What time I sewed my patchwork there
He with his Bible on his knee,
Would close the Book, and talk to me,
Of this our country, great and free,
And what a blessing 'twas to be
Inheritors of liberty.
Of this our own beloved state,
Missouri, proud, and rich, and great ;
Of all the states in east or west
This one, our own, sure was the best—
His dark eyes twinkled at his jest—
"For where in any state are found
So many saints above the ground !"
Then on the map, he'd show me where
Far off, amid the mountains fair
Our river rises, strong and free,
And seeks, but never finds the sea ;
Till long past Carroll's farms and fields

High on the bluff, where justice wields
The sword of state, and makes our laws,
And thence our wit and wisdom draws ;
There stands a town, we must revere ;
'Twas named for one to freemen dear,
The patriot statesman true and free,
Whose magic pen wrote fearlessly,
Our patent deed to liberty :
The town his monument should be,
And like a proud memorial stone
Tell of the fame of Jefferson.

He said our town was named for one
What time our land her freedom won
Who signed his name in writing clear
As witness on her Charter dear.
They said to him, " Some others, too,
Bear the same name, as that you do."
" Ah, then," he answered, " if there's need,
I'll write it plain, that all may read —
And lest injustice should be done
Charles Carroll, now of Carrollton."

He told me how our town was made ;
" Camping one night beneath the shade
Of a broad elm just east of town,

A hunter from the tree brought down
With rifle shot, a fine fat coon ;
He looked around beneath the moon,
He saw the branch which bears his name,
—Our only remnant of his fame—
He saw the wild deer slake his thirst,
Where through the leaves the moonbeams burst,
And duck, and brant, each shy wild bird,
With ear alert, the hunter heard ;
From Carolina's mountains far
He'd followed empire's western star,
Till where the broad Missouri rolled
Past fertile lands—worth countless gold
When brown with fields of corn in shock
And grazing herds of Angus stock—
And happy homes by scores should rise—
He found a hunter's paradise,
And made his home. To bless his name
A troop of sons and daughters came ;
His stalwart sons to manhood grew,
Like him they loved the soil and dew ;
For many a year they lived alone,
Then other families one by one,
Came from afar and settled round ;
The generous hunter gave them ground

Where first his rude log cabin stood;—
An eighty-acre tract of wood
And sloping upland, steep ravine,
No better site have I e'er seen—
Indeed I've thought when walking there
That town is like Mount Zion, fair.

Here lived and died the hunter bold,
And even his grave, so I am told,
Is lost, the ground to strangers sold.
One dark-eyed daughter, with the name
Of her, who led by cloud and flame
Sung Israel's song of triumph grand,
A woman grown, had given her hand
To one she loved. These two by deed,
'Tis so recorded—all may read—
Gave land of that they held their own
When the old town itself outgrown
Had reached out grasping hands for more,
His name we hear, at many a door,
My father's thought, nor his, alone
Was, if real justice had been done
Our town would bear that hunter's name
But such is life, and such is fame.

YOU never knew you grandsire, child,
His brow serene, his eyes that smiled ;
In honor held by fellow-men ;
Child, he was one of thousands ten,
He dared to do what he thought right,
His daily walk was in God's sight.

When a child I heard him preach, and say,
" Ye are not here on the earth to stay,
The earth is the Lord's and its fullness, too,
The ox that treadeth the corn for you
Ye shall not muzzle. Six days to work,
The call of duty ye must not shirk ;
If ye fence his lands with parchment deeds
And shut your eyes to the poor man's needs,
The measure ye mete to other men
In turn shall be measured to you again ;
And He who bore on Calvary's tree
The whole world's sins, to you and me
Spake thus : 'That thing to others do
That ye would have others do to you.'
God made the world, He holds in fee,
But tenants at his will are ye ;
See that no cloud or flaw appear

And keep your chain of title clear
To unnumbered years of remainder—men,
Then shall ye live in honor, when
Your mortal flesh and sense decay,
And ye from the earth are passed away.
For honor is dearer, to have and hold
Than all the silver, yea, and gold
The earth in her bosom hides to-day ;
It will live when the earth is old and gray,
When the sky like a flaming scroll is rolled
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

" Ye have no continuing city here,
Pilgrims and strangers all appear,
And journeying to those distant lands
The house of God not made with hands,
Heirs of His promises are ye ;
Joint heirs of immortality.
Examine well your patent deeds,
See whence your chain of title leads ;
Lest through some long forgotten sin
Ye fail at last to enter in.
With garments spotless, white as snow,
Washed in that fountain's crimson flow
Drawn from Immanuel's bleeding veins,
Your souls made pure and clear from stains,

Strong in the Lord, in power of might
Ye may put on His armor bright.
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
But wickedness that like a flood—
Even like that of old, foretold
By hoary seer and prophet bold,
When Noah saw the world decay ;
Would ye withstand that evil day ?
Prepare ye now, as best ye may,
With shoes of peace, the Spirit's sword,
Which is ye know God's holy word,
The helmet of salvation, too,
The shield of faith, be strong, be true,
Then shall ye quench the fiery darts
With which the wicked tempt your hearts.

" Like allied armies nations go
Through this world's wilderness below ;
And as with men so nations, too,
Must tread the wine-press through and through.
God's spirit will not always strive
With those who oft His mercy grieve ;
His day of vengeance now draws nigh,
As doves that to their windows fly ;
Shall they who mourn in Zion turn
Ere yet His righteous anger burn ;

I cannot, if I would, be still—
His word to you I must fulfill,
Through blood is an atonement made
For every soul of man—dismayed
I search His word. Which way I turn
I see the lurid splendors burn
Of that dread day, that wrathful day,
When God in judgment comes to weigh
Our Nation's sins against His law ;
Nor tears, nor prayers shall pity draw—
His thunders shake the eternal hills,
The mountains quake, the sad earth thrills
Beneath His feet of iron and brass ;
All eyes shall see His judgment pass ;
The year of His redeemed will come,
And angels shout His harvest home."

The April sunshine streaming through
Uncurtained windows, softly threw
On pulpit bare and hard-backed pew
A glowing light. A faint perfume
From all the forest trees in bloom
Filled with sweet odor all the room ;
But as he spoke the words of gloom
We felt a chill—like coming doom—
And when the people rose for prayer

We saw his face transfigured there,
His voice was low, his words were slow,
He felt the thrill of coming woe.

"O, Thou! who Thy chosen people led
When they of old from Pharo' fled,
Hold in the hollow of Thine hand
In safety this, our native land.
If it must be her footsteps tread
A stormy sea, with surges red,
Oh! guide her on her perilous way,
Be Thou her comfort, shield and stay."

I mind me well the hymn we sang,
Its echoes in my memory rang
For many and many a weary day;
And looking backward now, I say
Had we but known what now we see
It would have seemed a prophesy—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be
A cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer to Thee!"

Then when the benediction said;
A neighbor's funeral notice read;
The people lingered near to talk,
Within the church, out on the walk;
To tell how soldiers mustered far;
To ask the latest news of war;
And thoughtful men spoke low in fear,
The words each longed yet feared to hear;
Our country's peril, near at hand,
Roused every heart through all the land,
Startled the timid, moved the brave,
Our dear old flag to raise and save.

YOU must know, my child, a dreadful woe
Was in our land long years ago.
As I look backward now, I know
It was a shameful, awful crime;
But in that day and at that time,
Though there were some who said 'twas wrong,
Not all so said, and wrong was strong.
The light of present time makes clear
The darkness of that by-gone year,
And, reasoning from effect to cause,
We know our Nation broke God's laws;
That higher law that makes of men

Something above a citizen—
Because of man's vain greed for gold,
Like cattle men were bought and sold ;
The only reason that I know
Why this dark thing should live and grow
And justice blind, and law be slack,
They were weak and poor, their skins were black.

Like bunches of cattle, bunches of men,
And women, and children, in a pen
Were kept like cattle. Bought and sold
A master's slave to have and hold,
And sometimes on an auction block
They were bidden off. This was a shock
To free hearts in the far off North
And to the South this word went forth
" Such must not be, beneath our flag ;"
Some called our dear flag, " but a rag "—
And only under Southern sun
In this our land, was this thing done.

In deed and truth, the word was true ;
' Tis but a bit of bunting blue
And white and red, but the flag holds
A mystery in its floating folds ;
With Heaven's own hues unto it lent

It is the Nation's sacrament,—
Through it, in Love's true colors blent
The watchful care of law and power,
The strong defense in danger's hour ;
The Nation's strength and majesty,
For all her sons, the world can see,
In battle, where the flag is found
That spot is ever holiest ground,—
And to the men who fight below
Its stars in endless glory glow,
Men rush to die beneath its folds ;
The arm that fights beneath it holds
A strength by more than mortal far,
Like the old sword Excalibar—
And should the color-bearer fall
Around the flag, then rally all !
Eager to raise it to the sky
The flag must live, though men may die !
Men will risk all, save honor's name,
To shield their country's flag from shame ;
It holds the willing hearts of men
With strength more potent far, than pen
Or spoken word, or lovely song,
The Nation's valor, fierce and strong
Goes with the flag and leads along
The men who make her patriot band

And nerves with steel the soldier's hand
"For God, for Home, and Native Land."

Then there were some up North, who said
Our lovely flag's broad stripes of red
Were dyed with blood by bondmen shed ;
They to us then in anger said
"If with this thing, ye still must dwell
And men like cattle buy and sell
Though with the law ye shield your slaves
You walk beside your open graves.
If our flag cover sins like this,
Nor guard us 'gainst a serpent's hiss,
Its golden stars mock God's free sky,
That flag is but a flaunting lie !
And our proud boast of liberty
Is but a pretense, all can see—
If ye are right, and we are wrong
Then is this true :—Our country's song
That glorious chorus, free and strong
That fires our souls, and nerves our arms
To meet the shock of war's alarm,
Is saddest sarcasm, sharp and keen
Ere spoke from human lips between.

"'We hold this truth self-evident
Men are born free.' Was this but meant

For but the rare and favored few?
Does it mean only us, and you?
Ourselves, and our posterity?
Our charter's word, 'All men are free,
Free to pursue, where'er they be,
Their happiness and liberty'—
The sweetest sounds man ever heard—
Is't but a cabalistic word?
Like tinkling cymbal? chirping bird?
In all our broad and happy land
Is there no rock whereon can stand
The man who seeks his birthright back,
Even though the seeker's skin be black?
If this be so, we waste our breath,
This idle covenant made with death,
This league with hell concerns us not,
With you we've neither part nor lot—
Your blood on your own heads must be,
We wash our hands and clean are we."

At this our people angry grew,
For once the Northmen held slaves, too.
They said, "We will not deal with you,
Ye idly prate. * * If blood be shed
We ask you naught. On our own head
And children's be the judgment wrought.

As for the flag? Our sons have fought,
They do their duty as they ought.
A brave heart seeks for war alway;
A soldier fights to smite and slay;
Men do not like weak women yearn
Something to worship—such we spurn!
The flag holds no such occult spell,
A painted rag would do as well."

The North and Southmen, as you see,
Like brothers at one mother's knee
When one is stalwart, kind and true,
The other strong but wayward, too,
Made sorrow for the mother-land
Who ruled them with her gentle hand.
Sometimes when boys make fractious noise
The gentle mother chides her boys,
So the mother-land: "Each one is dear,
We must have no angry wrangling here,
I fear ye will cause my head to ache,
My tears to flow, if ye trouble make."

The quarrel grew stronger year by year—
Some said the Northmen lived in fear,
That faint hearts beat, neath breasts of snow;
They had forgot how waters flow

Beneath the ice—the mountain spring
When it 'gins to melt's a fearful thing.
Fight first was here in our dear state,
The slave-power won, with pride elate ;
That was a bloodless war of words—
Which meant no more than chirp of birds.

The Northmen's land was cold and drear ;
Few ate the bread of idleness there ;
And they were too busy to think or care,
For a war of words in empty air ;
Their glowing furnace fires would burn,
From the sun's good night till his return ;
Some hardly knew when the sun arose,
For clouds of smoke, and steam, that rose,
From shops and factories. Countless flumes
Drove turbine wheels for countless looms ;
And like the spider's thread in air,
Their iron threads ran everywhere ;
And their web of cities and towns was so
They could fast from one to another go.

All things here, are changed since then ;
But long ago, in those days, when
We wished to go to another town,
A carriage with horses black or brown,

Was geared for use, and all went down ;
Or stage that carried U. S. mail,—
Few states had then the iron rail—
Was the only way we had to go
But roads were rough, and travel slow
And steamboats risky, and 'twas so
That mostly we all staid at home
Few could go abroad to roam.

But twice-a-year, storekeepers all
Went North, in early spring and fall,
Our Bibles, buckets, books and brooms,
Machinery, medicines, stones for tombs,
Even the knives for boys like you
And boots and shoes, from there came too.
Linseys were made, and cotton jeans
On home-made looms, with many pains,
But mostly everything we wore,
Came from some far off Northern store.
And some sarcastic people said
That when a Southron wished to wed
A girl who'd make a clever wife,
With wit like a sharp bladed knife
A Yankee teacher was his choice,
I hope she made his heart rejoice.

Some people here, grew rich and great
The planters they, of great estate
Who had their slaves to till their lands
And needed not to use their hands ;
Their time and labor, then they spent
To move the wheels of government:
But yet they did not feel secure,
And every night around the door
A watch was kept to guard the house
And if a dog barked, or a mouse
Scratched in the wall, fear fell on all
And straightway for a gun they'd call,
You see men always lived in dread,
Lest slaves should " rise " and blood be shed.
The master owned the negro's head,
His time, his work, his feet and hands
But could not even with iron bands
Nor with a whip or gun, control
That curious thing we call a soul.

Sometimes a slave would runaway
Then far and wide was holiday
For all to go with dogs and gun
To find which way the man had run.
Do you remember coming down
The ground-hog road one day from town

We saw, and oh, the furious noise
We saw the dogs, with men and boys
All after one poor squirrel who fled
From tree to tree, in terror dread
That little squirrel I'm glad to say
From its pursuers got away—
But when a slave was caught, ah well,
I know, but do not care to tell,
The horrid things that then befell.
Slave-owners were not all to blame,
Some were good men in fact and name ;
Through many and many a year of shame
The thing had lived until it grew
Like a foul cancer, eating through
Our nation's heart and conscience too ;
Slaves came by entail, marriage, dower,
And had one will, he had not power
To lift the curse from off his lands ;
Law like a rope of twisted strands
Hampered his will and tied his hands ;
And though men knew that shifting sands
Lay close below, it seemed that we
Were forced against ourselves to be
Partakers of iniquity. * * *

But far the cruelest wrong of all
Was done to whites both great and small,
Who holding neither lands nor slaves,
Nor right to anything but graves,
Had no firm ground whereon to stand
In all this free and happy land.
They could not work their bread to earn
They hardly knew which way to turn.
The lordly owners of the soil
Held that the black man's unpaid toil
Though driven by a driver's lash
Was better than the poor white trash.
There came a time, when Kansas here
Our neighbor state, and sister dear
Wished to enroll her name and star
Upon our country's blazoned bar,
And then, was such a hue and cry
As scarce was heard beneath the sky
Before or since. There are men here
In Carroll, who saw duty clear
To ride to Kansas once a year
To help "the South to hold the state"
They voted early, often, late,
And always took their whisky straight
And home they came with hearts elate
To boast how they had saved the state..

But Northern men were "helping" too
And "Beecher's bibles" fast they threw
With free-soil voters, countless score—
If more were needed, there was more
Ready, waiting, at word to go.—
The angry tide would ebb and flow
Men knew not then, but on that raid
A mighty funeral pyre was laid.

There was a man named old John Brown
Of Kansas, Ossawatomie town,
He thought to fight for freedom dear
He was an old man, and 'tis clear
That he was wrong, but just right here
Our people did a foolish thing,
They hung John Brown : As fire bells ring,
That word went out, through all the North,
And some then sent this summons forth :
"Beware ! beware ! Take care, take care !
Ye tread too near the lion's lair."
Then some here mocked with scoff and jeer
"Your days are toil, your nights are fear"
And many and many a man went down
To old Virginia, Charles'stown,
To see the hanging of John Brown ;
The might and majesty of law

Was there to see the halter draw,
Law must be held inviolate,
The peace and dignity of state
Maintained. The Mother Land
Sent of her sons a soldier band
To see the old man's helpless life
Go out with sounds of battle strife,
The beating drum, the screaming fife,
The Governor of the State went too,
With brilliant staff and banner blue,
A rope was sent, so I've been told
A rope that was both strong and old,
Of homegrown hemp, of twist and braid
In curious strands of light and shade.
For once rogues saw the halter draw
With high opinion of the law.

THE Mother Land was filled with fear,
She saw the day of vengeance near
One of her best and wisest men
Had said to her, with voice and pen
"I tremble for my country, when
I remember God is just"
The Land's word is, "In God we trust."
Before time on that Kansas raid
She knew a funeral pyre was laid

How quick 'twould be, to burn and flame
She felt a wrong was done her name ;
When men talked of her charter, shame
Kept her silent. Nor could she blame
The Northmen's anger ; was not she
Called by all, " Land of the free "
And well she knew, the wrong men do
Was scorn to her, her charter too ;
And good men's prayers to God said low
Sounded loud, like the tramp of foe.

Behind the pine-tree's snow-crowned branch
Poised for its fall, the avalanche
Hung trembling on the dizzy verge ;
She knew a heedless touch would urge
A head-long ruin on the world !
Like cloud by angry tempests whirled
All ! all, to swift destruction hurled !
Let bitter words but stir the air
And like a wild beast in his lair
Lo War !—red-handed, waiting there !
She read the writing on the wall,
She heard the voice of honor call,
" Enough of speech the trumpet rings
Be silent, patient, calm ;
God help them, when the tempest swings
The pine against the palm !"

Down in the soft southeastern sky
The cloud had gathered, the storm was nigh,
She heard the winds begin to blow
Far off and faint, but clear, and low ;
She saw the pines sway to and fro,
While ranged in order, each wind stood
Within the shelter of the wood ;
The cold East-wind with clouds and rain,
And storms to drench the battle plain,

The mighty North-wind's icy breath
Chilled the fair South-wind to her death ;
Afar, deep shadowed in her hood
Pale and serene, the West-wind stood
Her low voice like a mourning psalm
And in her hands a branch of palm.

While unseen hands from misty clouds
Were weaving swift, the battle-shrouds ;
And orange flowers, and jasmine blooms
Were wrought in wreaths for heroes' tombs,
She saw the soldiers, rows on rows,
Their faces pale as northern snows,
With the white heat of deadly wrath ;
She knew how sorrow marked their path !
Far off and faint she heard the drum,—
She saw the marching soldiers come,

As in a dream a pageant passes
She heard the tramp of moving masses,
Tramp, tramp, marching slow,
Tramp, tramp, she heard the woe !

Now loud the winds begin to blow
The drums beat fast, the bugles blow,
O'er field and valley lying low
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the soldiers go.
The cannons boom—the bugles call,
At a swinging trot the horsemen all,
Their heads erect, their eyes aglow
Ride out together, row on row,
With pistols slung to the saddle bow
They leap the wall, and clear the stream,
And up the hill where bayonets gleam
Like arrows swift from bended bow
Fast and faster the horsemen go,
The soldiers march, now swift, now slow,
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! to meet the woe !
Far in the front the flag appears
Round it gather the battle spears,
In shadowy hands held high and tall
That close together, like a wall,
And well she knows those spears of flame
Will keep her flag from blame and shame,

And Freedom's eagles far and near
Around it gather, to save from fear;
She hears the tumult; the angry din;
The cloud of battle shuts them in,—
The sorrow, the anguish, the wild despair!
Nor God can save,—the Woe is there!

LISTEN my child, while I tell you
Whence came the Woe, and how it grew.
We know that many years ago,
Great fearsome ships, were wont to go
Across the waters to and fro,
With dismal freights of human woe.
By adverse winds, one blown afar
In Chesapeake bay, across the bar,
Left on our soil the cause of war.
Up a broad river flowing there,
Which bore the name of England's heir,
To a hamlet in the wilderness,—
A church tower there rose high to bless
The people; shadowed by a wood
Wigwams and log-cabins stood,—
She kept her way, nor none to check;—
Upon the pirate's blistered deck,
Bound fast with chains a human wreck
Lay cowered beneath the pirate's whip

Who owned and sailed the slaver-ship
In the glad light of summer morn
Lay men and women all forlorn
And children too, brought from afar
And held as prisoners, spoils of war.

Lounging about the landing there
That August morning bright and fair
A planter stood, with goods and bales,
His full intent to make his sales
And home to go ere set of sun ;
As yet his trade had not begun,
His life was hard, his fields were new,
'Twas quite as much as he could do
To plant his crops and tend them too.

He saw the prisoners, quick he thought
If their strong arms and hands he bought
Life would be easier then for him,—
And sauntering to the river's brim,
He traded with the pirate bold,
Till he his human freight had sold,
The planter's hemp, tobacco, too,
And sure more poisonous weed ne'er grew
Than that one which the planter sold
That morn. There is a saying old
Give rope enough and rogues will hang

Themselves. Like to a serpent's fang
That hemp held sorrow. Twist and braid
And braid and twist a rope was made
The rope seemed endless. Many a year
It dangled in the summer air
In the cold winter's biting blast
Till the end came, at last, at last !

Hemp and tobacco, could not pay
For all the planter bought that day ;
A mortgage on some land that lay
Close to the river,—this he gave
With full intent to cheat the knave—
The land was worthless, lying low
And subject to the overflow—
A trust-deed then was written, made
And signed by both, then, there, was laid
A chain of wrong, on all our land
By deed of gift from Sea-Wolf's hand,
The deed was made in form of law
Between the lines the pirate saw
These words :—and felt the halter draw—

THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH :
An Agreement made with Death,
A fellow-man received to-day,
For whom I do agree to pay

My heart and conscience, each and whole;
And give a mortgage on my soul;
Drawing interest year by year
At highest rate. Let this be clear.
And hereunto I sign my name
Without a fear or blush of shame.

To make assurance doubly sure,
And to attest his signature
Pride and Avarice, made their mark
As witness of the compact dark,—
In human blood, they dipped their thumbs
And signed, while in the slums
Of farthest hell, the demons smiled
To think how easily beguiled
Was man, a god, yet simple child!

The planter's wife was up in town
She with her husband had gone down
As was her custom once a year.
To buy supplies by her held dear
Of silk and lace, and satin fine.
That when she went abroad to dine
She might appear in proper trim,
The planter's wife was tall and slim,
And "Handsome" she was called by him;

Her motions were of cat-like grace ;—
Across the sea, there was a place
Called London, to his factor there,
The planter sent with greatest care,
An order made out twice a year
For tools, and plows to till his ground,
Each thing he wanted, there he found,
Sugar and coffee, tea and spice,
Broadcloth and silk, and all things nice.

To her the planter went in haste
Without her name the deed was waste,
Full well the wary pirate knew
His rights, and sure he got them too.
She signed her name in writing fine,
And then beneath the written line
The pirate read : " To deed of pelf
Witness : Vanity. Witness : Self."

Then to a looking-glass she went
And saw herself with great content
She was a woman fair to see—
Oh, fairer far, than you or me—
Her coal-black hair was wont to flow
Adown her back, like wing of crow
And then her scornful big black eyes
Could cast such looks of proud surprise

On those whom she thought weak and poor ;
Her voice was like a kitten's purr,
Her eye-brows black and sleek and fine
Across her nose met in a line ;
All day long she'd sit and sew
To fashion bonnet, gown, to go
And pay a visit, spend the day
With neighbors who lived far away ;
She said she could not bear to look
Inside the covers of a book ;
" The thought of it most made her ill "—
She had no use for them, but still
Books gave " an air," upon a shelf,
But to read them ? for herself
" Oh, dear me, no," she often said
She'd rather far scour floors instead.

Planter and pirate, side by side,
Went back then to the river tide,
And down a narrow, slippery plank,
The prisoners walked in sorrowing rank,
And stepped upon the river-bank ;
Right there on proud Virginia's soil,
First trod those weary sons of toil,
The blood-bought gain of battle spoil ;
And then the pirate sailed away,—
To come again, some other day.

A cloud of witnesses on high,
Far in the blue ethereal sky,
Had seen the signings. Home they went
In haste and sadness, their intent
To tell the tidings. And one took
From where it laid, the Judgment book,
And turned its pages, till the name
Of him who signed was seen. With flame
He wrote across,— "No fear, no shame,
What shall it profit him to gain
The whole wide world and then, in pain
Lose his own soul?" Also, "The vain
And foolish woman, with her hands
Shall pluck down every house that stands
Upon a river's shifting sands."
In sorrow then he closed the book
And laid it back with down-cast look,
Covered with blood, and bitter tears,—
It rested many weary years.

Back to his home the planter went
And to his fields his servants sent;
At morning prime, at evening mirk,
His slaves did all his daily work;
And when he found at Christmas time,
His ground was free from snow and rime,

He gave them seed, Orinoco,
That they tobacco plants should grow,
In a warm sand-bar lying low
They burned a bed, the seeds to sow ;
One slave more cunning than the rest,
In hiding place about his vest,
Had brought from a far-distant land,
Where deadly Upas blights the land,
A curious crested snake, whose breath
To every living thing brought death ;
His hooded crest-like flame-lit gold
Dazzled one's eyes, one's heart would hold,
Until that heart was still and cold ;
Of this snake's birth strange tales are told ;
'Tis said he was accursed of old,
Because he was so subtile, bold ;
The basilisk—whose brilliant eyes,
And flattering tongue with soft replies,
Long, long ago in Paradise
Beguiled the woman, when in haste,
She ate that fruit, whose mortal taste,
Brought death and woe our world to waste.

In his own land, this slave had been
A king, before whom other men
Had fear. He knew strange words ;

With feathers of mysterious birds,
He dressed his hair. It roused his ire
To be a slave. With portents dire
He drew the serpent's poison teeth
And in the seed-bed hid beneath
The weeds and brush the blood-stained fangs,
As passed to work each day the gangs
Of slaves threw hemp the place to hide,
And often to the riverside,
He and his brother slaves would go,
At midnight when the moon was low,—
And the patrol was sound asleep,—
And Voudoo vigils dark, would keep ;
The old slave knew a time would come
When at the tap of beating drum
Thousands of men in pride of life
And armed and drilled for battle strife,
Would rise, with hatred on their breath,
Ready to fight, each to the death.
He'd walk along the river's sands
And wave his arms, and clap his hands
And sing,—as fast he snapped his thumbs,
With noise like rapid beating drums—
A song so wild and dread to hear,
That all his listeners shook with fear ;

From time to time he whistled shrill
And something answered from the hill
In the pine barrens near they heard,
The cry of hoarse-voiced croaking bird ;
At morning dawn they went away
To hoe the hemp the live-long day.

There hangs to-day on memory's wall
An old-time tale, I now recall
Of Cadmus who sowed dragon's teeth
And soldiers grew to life and breath
Straitway. This crop of death and woe
Took full two hundred years to grow.

THE planter found 'twas nice and fine,
For him to sit at ease, and dine,
While hands of others poured his wine,
Hackled his hemp, and dressed his vine ;
Or filled his pipe, that he might smoke
And trembled at each word he spoke ;
And then his wife and daughters too,
Since they had nothing else to do,
Might sit and bleach their toil stained hands,
Or ride in state about his lands,
And never think of Him, who said,

"In thy brow's sweat, shalt thou earn bread."
His son, most ready to acquire,
Caught all the ways and airs of sire;
And in his smaller boyish world,
The worst of passions crept, and curled
About his heart, like snakes that sting;
While innocence and truth took wing.

Meantime in the seed bed lying low
Close by the rippling river's flow,
Hidden by growth of hemp and sedge,
Screened by the sumach's budding hedge,
Watered by tears from hearts forlorn,
Sprouted, like grains of growing corn,
The poison roots of the serpent's teeth;
And no one dreamed what lay beneath,
Save the planter's wife, who walked that way
Sometimes at dawn, or evening gray.
By the light of a jealous fire that burned
Deep in her heart, the secret learned,
She knew that some day spears would grow,
And blood-red blossoms of war would show,
But she hoped ere dawned that awful day
She would be safely far away.
And she dearly loved to sip her cream,
While others sewed her endless seam;

She was a woman of high degree,
A thousand pounds of tobacco he
Had paid for her, and how could she
Work with her hands to earn her bread?
She'd rather, far rather, eat stones, she said.

The neighboring planters envious grew,
Their work was hard for them to do,
Their wives must ride in coaches, too;
Their daughters bathe their hands in dew;
Whene'er they traded at the store,
A footman black must go before,
To ope' the store or carriage door;
So each one made convenient trips,
Whene'er 'twas known that slaver ships
Had safely crossed the harbor bar,
Laden with victims, spoil of war.

The word went east, the word went west,
Ill-omened birds that had their nest
In the fork of a grim gallow's-tree,
Carried it fast, from river to sea.
Wrong always goes in seven-league boots,
Weak human nature sends recruits;
And slaver ships sailed all the seas
Like swarms of angry bumblebees;
And other planters went from far,

They too, would buy the spoil of war ;
And then on old Virginia's soil
The children of her sons of toil
Were sold. As was foretold,
The root of sin is greed for gold.

The word went North, the word went South,
Sometimes by letter, word of mouth,
The man who planted cotton, sent ;
The sower of the rice-fields went ;
And he who grew the sugar-cane,
Far off on Louisiana's plain,
Sent sugar, that he might obtain
The black man's strong and sinewy hands,
To work upon his swampy lands ;
From the far north the men went down,
In ships to reach the noted town,
That might have been our glory's crown,
But whose recorded history shames
The memory of England's James.
I told you of the column, tall,
At Plymouth rock that speaks to all
Who pass, the May-flower's story,
And this town, too, had tales of glory ;
At Jamestown, on Virginia's shore,
Nothing remains, save an old town,

That half-way gone to ruin stands,
The house of God, once made with hands,
That long ago were turned to dust,
Who shall say now, God is not just ?

A kindlier nation stopped the wars,
No more the slaver's bloody bars
And skull and cross-bones flag, could dare
To flaunt its shadow in the air ;
And then on shamed Virginia's soil,
'Mid children of her sons of toil,
The planter's children, counted in
Part of that bargain made with Sin
His little children, boys and girls,
With dark brown skins, and tangled curls,
And sad, soft eyes, and teeth like pearls ;
Oh child, you need not question me,
I know not how such things could be,
God must have been away, asleep,
Or sure his vengeance could not keep
Hands off, from such unholy crowd,
The very ground might cry aloud,
To see that dreadful thing go on
Under the light of God's free sun !

In the seed-bed close to the water's edge,
Hidden by fox-tail, hemp, and sedge,

Like red forked tongue of serpent dread,
Each tiny spear-point raised its head,
As glow the rain-drops in the grass,
When flashing sunbeams glance and pass,
The shining points of the battle spears
Glistened with dew-drops, made of tears.

By this time now the price was high,
Men went from far and near to buy ;
And heedless of their mother's cry —
The children of his son were sold,
To satisfy his greed for gold.
Their own grandsire ? Yes, child, indeed,
His blood was in their veins, in greed
Of gold, to pay his bills, or need
To send his daughters north to school,
That they might learn to speak by rule,
He sold away the growing boys,
They in his yard made so much noise.
As at night one sees the fire-flies glow,
The battle spears began to show.

With sin, and sorrow, and woe, full freighted
With dreary desolations weighted,
Rolled slowly on the laden years,
While watered daily by bitter tears,
In the hemp-field grew the battle spears.

Heavy with sorrows, one by one,
The Years went up to the Holy throne
And each one at its foot laid down,
The burden of sigh, and tear, and groan,
The children's sob, and the mother's moan ;
Each year was like a ship full freighted ;
Then God said :
"I have waited
Long. I am waiting still —
Man treats no other friend so ill.
My mills grind slow, but close and fine,
He 'll find is every work of Mine :—
And if he leaves his grist to-day,
In some far off and unknown day,
My agent Time, to him will say,
'Lo now 'tis ready, take away
Each man his own, for it ye pay
The miller's toll as best ye may,
I reckon not by months and years,
I have a measure set for tears.'"

And when the measure of tears was full,
And God could be no longer dull
To the weary sighs and burning tears,
Ascending through the darkening years,
He sent His angel back to look,

In its place, for His remembrance book,
He found it, mouldy with tears and blood,
He sought where the fiery sentence stood
And then beneath the planter's name
He wrote again, with pen of flame :

"Because you would not hear my voice,
When your fear cometh, I rejoice,
Your hearts you harden. So will I
Mock out your great calamity"—
"All the long years I stretched my hands
And sought to draw, by tender bands,
You would not. You have mocked my love
Now far from you will I remove,—
Your land shall mourn its fields laid waste,
Your corn shall rust, and every beast
That eateth it shall die. Your wheat
And barley ye shall beat
And find but chaff on the threshing floor,
And all your trees shall fire devour,
Your cattle in the wilderness
Shall find no pasture. Great distress
Shall fall on all. The meat,
The bread, and everything ye eat,
Shall be cut off. Your land shall mourn,
And yet, I say, if you return

And sanctify a fast, will I
Suffer the judgment to pass by.

"You for yourselves would freedom seek,
You ask that equity men speak
For you, and all the time
Your own feet rest on crime ;
    You ask to stand,
    You and your land
        In the whole world's sight,
As freedom's foremost acolyte ;
Forgetting that the world can see
The depth of man's depravity,
        At your door-stone—
        Keep clean your own.
That thing you unto others do
You ask that others do for you,
        And if you still refuse,
        Then shall you not use
        My name. If you abuse
My patience, though with bitter tears
You seek repentance, at your fears
I laugh, and in that awful day
Will I unto the Gentiles say :—
    "Let all the men of war draw near,
    Make of your pruning hook a spear,

And gather all the heathen round,
The place they stand is holy ground,
Now beat your plow-share to a sword,
Your mighty men must help the Lord."
Blow now the trumpet clear and strong,
For I, the Lord have waited long :—

"Proclaim !
In my name !
Through all the land !
When a man can stand,
And look up to the sky
And say, 'Here am I.
I try to be honest, just and true
That thing I unto others do
That I would have others do to me,'
That man is free !
Let all men know !"
Then a great bell that hung
In the tower on the wall
Began to call
With its iron tongue as it swung
To and fro —
"Liberty ! Liberty ! Liberty !"

And when the great bell ceased to klang
On the golden floor a trumpet rang ;

And all the Souls, — that sing,
Around the Altar — heard the ring
Of the bell, and drew near
That they might hear ;
Heroes and captains, kings of war ;
And all the martyrs, near and far ;
Those who had borne affliction's load,
Nor fainted 'neath the heavy goad ;
And those who fled across the sea
Seeking to find sweet Liberty ;
And those who in her glorious wars
Had gone from camps to shining stars ;
Apostles, saints and prophets old,
They who Jerusalem's woe foretold,
Drew near to hear.

And the Angel, who at God's command,
Standeth ever at his right hand,
One foot on sea, and one on land,
Sounded the trumpet, clear and strong.
Three times he sounded, loud and long ;
'Twas heard in Heaven, and on Earth,
On Southern field, by Northern hearth :
"The Lord sends forth a summons,"
It rings on land and sea,
"Loose now the bonds of wickedness
And let the oppressed go free!"

"Blow now the trumpet loud and free,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee!"

The Angel took the written word,
And open then before the Lord
He laid the record, and in tears
Fell on his face. Through all the years
Swift flying, there the record lay
Waiting the dawn of judgment day.

And on the earth the sun was dark,
The moon was hid, no star its spark
Of light sent out, and men's hearts failed
By fears beset, by dread assailed;
When they heard the trumpet dread,
And it was said that the dead
Stirred in their graves. They have a sign,
A glorious light shall shine
Like a scroll, the sky shall roll,
When the trumpet calls each soul.

The slave who toiled in the sugar cane,
He who picked on the snow-like plain,
The bolls of cotton; in rice-fields damp,
And runaways in the dismal swamp,
And all who cowered beneath a lash
Looked up, and saw the lightning flash.

The drunkard reeling to and fro
Was sobered by the lightning's glow ;
And in his birchen wigwam wild,
The red man heard, and grimly smiled,
"Great Spirit speaks to his forest child."

In the North men heard the thunder roll,
And said, "Alas! who shall control
The storm, save God? If He spare whole
Our land on such a day and time,
We'll put away this dreadful crime."
But in the South the men would say,
"Why should the women wail, and pray?
And let their silly fears inform?
'Tis but a passing thunder storm."
And then they at each other looked,
And winked their eyes, and elbows crooked ;
"God doth not mean what men do say,
We'll wait a more convenient day."

In seventeen hundred eighty, then,
By word of mouth, by stroke of pen,
The North put by the shameful crime,
And duels ceased to be sublime ;
Let us remember that famous time.
But in the South, the histories say
Things went the old accustomed way.

Then in the North the people said,
"Lo now is past the day of dread,
And henceforth we can live at ease,
And buy and sell as we shall please.
And if our brothers break God's law
And on their heads His vengeance draw,
Are we their keepers? They must die,
The judgment ought to pass us by."

AND the Angel, who in woe and pain,
Lay on his face, in tears like rain,
Arose, and at a sign drew near,
To mark in the record that day and year,
And he wrote this word.
Thus saith the Lord:
"Behold, now the days are coming,
Like swarms of wild bees humming,
When thy heart for fear shall fail thee,
And terror and dread assail thee;
The pride of thy heart hath deceived thee,
Because thou hast not believed me.
Thy gate shall be desolate.
I have heard of the pride of Moab,
I have known the craft of Joab,
And the haughtiness of his heart,
Of his captive sons and daughters

Who weep by the flowing waters,
Of threatenings and of slaughters ;
Their cry unto me ascendeth
From dawn till darkness endeth,
They cry, 'Oh Lord, how long ?'
Where are the sons I have cherished,
Have wisdom and prudence perished,
That still ye do this wrong ?
Out of the North shall evil break,
Now I, the Lord, this word do speak,
And when that northern army comes
With flying banners, beating drums,
And noise like chariots on the wall,
Then shall ye to the mountains call,
The rocks, the hills, that they may fall
And hide ye, from my angry sight.
That day shall come like thief at night.
And they shall fight against your land,
And do the thing that I command ;
Before their faces shall be pain ;
The land before them, like the plain
Of Eden's garden stretches fair,
Behind them all the fields are bare ;
Like fires that burn the stubble-fields,
The land behind no harvest yields ;
They climb the walls like men of war,

Their banners float anear and far ;
And marching every one his ways
They shall not break their ranks for days.

Now who is this, makes counsel dark,
By words that bear no knowledge mark ?
Declare, if thou dost understand,
Where was't thou, when I made the land ?
Did'st thou help me to stretch the line ?
Or of my measures make the sign ?
Wilt thou my judgments disannul ?
And cause thine ears to be so dull,
As that you cannot hear, when I
Lift up my voice, and judgment cry ?
And yet I say, if you return
And cause the poor no more to mourn,
And pay your tithes to me, will I
Suffer the judgment to pass by.

There are other wrongs against you set,
There may come day of reckoning yet ;
When on your earth my son did tread,
He had not where to lay his head ;
And yet you do despise the poor,
They beg for bread from door to door,
You count yourselves of high estate,

Because that you are rich and great.
If a rich man come to your house,
You kill the fatted calf, and rouse
The servants all to do his will ;
You bid him eat, and drink his fill ;
If Misery's child, baptised in tears,
Cradled by sorrow, nursed with tears,
Amidst you, by sad chance appears,
You treat him scornfully and say
"Sit here, sit there, where e'er you may
And you may have the crumbs that fall
From off the table, that is all."

And there is yet another Woe
Written. * * * To and fro
About your streets do drunkards go,
Their strength is gone, no wit they show,
And why ? — Because, you give
Strong drink to them, that you may live
In ease. This ought not so to be,
By perfect law of equity.

And coming some day to be heard,
Is other cause. Like flying bird
You drive the red-man from his own,
Till 'tween up and nether stone,

You grind his race to powder. This may
Work you ill in judgment day.
For other cause is judgment moved:—
The ancient landmark you removed,
And set your dwelling place thereon,
And lost is every corner-stone.
And for that land what have you paid
The former owner? Now is made
A cause against you for these things,
The book of my remembrance, brings
All secret doings to the light.
Now, therefore, if you walk aright,
And do the thing that in my sight
Seems good to do, then will I
Suffer the judgment to pass by.

I love your Land, I love it well,
Because she chooses there to dwell,
My fairest child, sweet Liberty;
In all the land must justice be,
And equity from sea to sea:
That thing you must to others do,
That you'd have others do to you;
Love thou thy neighbor as thyself,
Seek not to work him wrong for pelf.
Do justice first; love, mercy, next,

Read thou aright my sacred text,
"Abide in faith, with charity,
And as thy days thy strength shall be."

The angel read, from the record then,
The words he wrote with diamond pen,
And closed the book, and laid it by
To wait the day of vengeance nigh.

THEN through the slowly rolling years,
The planter's wife, with bitter tears,
And sad, sad heart, and haunting fears,
Watched the swift-growing battle-spears ;
At many a midnight all alone,
At twilight, when the new moon shone,
She'd steal away to the river's edge,
And peer through weeds of hemp and sedge,
To see, if to the sumach hedge
The battle spears would measure tall ;
She heard the lapping water fall ;
Beyond the woods the rain-crow's call ;
She saw the lightnings flash and fly
Like spears of flame along the sky ;
She heard the wind far off and low ;
She saw the blood-red blossoms show ;
She thought if she could only throw

Them out of sight, the waters flow
Would carry them into the bay
And out to sea,—far, far away—
But she only cut her small white hands,
And as she walked along the sands
She moaned and wrung her bleeding hands.

One day the planter's self rode by—
He saw the red shine on the sky,
And got off from his horse to see
Whate'er the curious things could be ;
Their hearts of fire the blossoms showed,
Each tiny point like lightning glowed,
And a strange sound like to the drums,
One hears when far an army comes,
Rang in his ears. He saw odd signs
Flash on the sky ; and in long lines
The winds were martialed in the pines ;
He was not strong, his hair was grey,
He could not pull the spears away,
He stamped his foot and coarsely said,
None should go near, alive or dead,
To gather crops from off his lands—
He said no more he'd ride that way—
And on his horse he went away.

THE planter's wife was growing old,
Her hair was grey, her heart was cold,
And she the planter oft would scold.
There'd come one day, from 'cross the sea,
A woman young, and fair to see—
Although not fair like you or me—
She came from that far distant land
Where lions roam through forests grand,
Where drowsy splendors fill the noons
And underneath the tropic moons
The thirsty tigers snatch their prey—
She stole the planter's heart away—
And like the tigers scenting prey,
The women they would scold all day.
The planter's wife a bad boy had,
His heart was hard, when even a lad,
While the slave-mother's boy was good,
He oft beside the planter stood,
And many a kindly word and smile
He got from him—while all the while
The planter's wife would scold and frown
And to the cabins would send down
The hated mother and her child.
'Twas said at many a midnight wild,

The stranger women oft would go,
In the mud and ooze of the river's flow,
And round the roots of the battle spears
Would dig, and with her bitter tears
She watered them. It chanced one day,
When the two children were at play
They quarreled, and with a knife
The white boy sought the other's life ;
The woman tiger could not stand
The blow to him, so with her hand
She struck the white boy's cheek. He went
Straight to his mother, his intent
To tell the tale. The time was near
When ' twas the habit, once a year,
For men to go to Washington —
When the old planter safe was gone
What happened, no one dared to tell,
It seemed as if a dismal spell
Was on the place, on white and black ;
When spring-time brought the planter back,
The poor slave-mother with her hand
One cloudy morning, to the sand
Near to the river him she led
She spoke no word, no tear she shed,
But pointed where a dangling chain
Hung from a half-burnt stake. ' Twas plain.

He turned, and to his home he went,
And straightway for his wife he sent,
'Twas said that angry words and high,
Were heard by all who dared go nigh.—
Right through the middle of his hall,
The planter built a high stone wall,
And there on one side lived his wife,
He on the other, all his life ;
They met each day, but spoke no word ;
One to the other. He preferred
To live in peace, he said. How peace could dwell
In his old heart, I cannot tell.

I do not know that planter's name,
Whither he went, nor whence he came,
His kinfolks, nor his dwelling-place,
But this I know, he on his race
Sorrow entailed, from sire to son,
While grass shall grow and water run,
For all the weary woe and pain
Of cruel war, the blood like rain,
Rivers of tears for dear ones slain
Came from that planter's greed for gain.

The planter's boat was loaded down
With hemp and slaves for Washington,
Tobacco, too, for public men

Need something soothing for them, when
Their nerves are racked by public cares ;
And off he went, to sell his wares ;
Long stay he made in Washington,
A serious question had come on.
Should Kansas come in slave or free.
The fight was hot as it could be,
To be an empty war of words,
Though it meant more than any birds
That ever I heard chirp. Indeed,
Hard blows were struck, and seed
Of trouble sown, and little roots
Of bitterness that soon bore fruits,
Were planted deep in many a heart ;
And life-long friendships wrenched apart.

As when two boys get cross at games,
They called each other hardest names ;
"Dough-face" and "mud-sill," "renegade,"
And bitter speeches each side made ;
"Missouri Compromise," they said,
"Non-intervention," some replied :
They talked of "squatter sovereignty"
And "vested rights of property,"
"The right the constitution gave
To all who would to own a slave."

Then said the Black Republican,
"If man may trade in fellow-man,
And like the Roman robber old,
Strong-hand may seize, and strong-hand hold,
Whether his neighbor's ox or wife,
Be spoil of bloody battle strife,
You re-enthrone the law of force ;
The poor and weak have no recourse,
No constitutional guarantee,
Against the strong majority,
But legalized by common law ;
The law is worst, the world e'er saw,
We'll mend that law soon as we can,
And thus protect the rights of Man."

Then said the Southron, haughty, cold,
"The tenure under which we hold,
Is our strong arms, and courage bold,
The northern mudsills will not fight,
Sure one brave man can put to flight
A thousand such." In sneering tone
"Let him who puts his armor on
Boast not as he who takes it off,"
The Northmen said. With sneer and scoff,
They filibustered night and day
As the dark days slipped slow away.

THE grey haired planter went away
From Washington, in sad dismay,
The Northmen's words aroused his ire ;
He'd helped to lay that funeral pyre
Way out in Kansas ; and he knew
That old time mortgage soon was due ;
His fields worn out and grown with broom
No crops would yield ; he felt that doom
Hung like a sword above his head ;
He almost wished that he was dead ;
He'd walk down to the river's edge,
And high above the sumach hedge,
He saw each keen and glittering edge
Of the red-blossomed battle spears—
They filled his soul with wrath and fears—
Hang thick with pods like Judas trees ;
And many a time he tried to seize
The seed pods, but they cut his hands,
Till the blood dripped upon the sands ;
He had about made up his mind
That if his family so inclined
He would sell off his house and lands,
And with his gangs of negro hands,
Go to Missouri—where his son

Had settled many a year agone.
There land was cheap and labor dear,
He'd rent his slaves out by the year,
And end his days in rest and peace;
His pious soul had found release
From conscience—"God designed
To Christianize the heathen mind,"
His pastor said; and yet, he thought,
If that were true, why had it brought
Such baleful ruin, in its train?
He could no longer stay, 'twas plain;
Tobacco crops scarce gave back seed;
His hemp had grown to noisome weed;
Bermuda-grass, and briery vines
Grew rank among the stunted pines;
His stump-tailed cows no pasture found
Among the sedge, but wandered round
Like homeless cattle all the day;
He laid his plans to go away;
And bade each one be ready all,
To move out west in early fall;
He told the word, when in the hall
He called his slaves for family prayer;
Each child and servant must be there;—
And he would read how Ham was curst,
How Eve was in transgression first.

That night the wild slave woman went,
Down to her cabin ; long she bent
Over a little box that stood
Behind her bed. 'Twas made of wood
The gnarled wood of the Christ-thorn tree,
And carved and graven curiously,
With death's-heads, and with flaming eyes
Like the wild wolf-cat's, when he lies
In wait for some poor bird. With moans
She opened it, and there was bones,
And ashes gray. When the stars swung
Into the sky, and the Sickle hung
On blazing star-points, she went down
Through the big hemp-field, green and brown,
To where beside the river's fall,
The battle spears, stood sharp and tall,
And up and down the river sands
She walked for long, and in her hands
She clasped the box, as if it held
Treasures of gold, or emerald.—

Away, beyond the river, shone
In ruddy light, the full, round moon,
It seemed to her an old dead world
Through clouds of mist that 'round it curled;
She heard far off the thunder roll ;

She saw the Bears prowl 'round the pole ;
Arcturus and his sons go forth
To hunt them in the snowy North ;—
Slow marching down the western sky,
The stars in groups and crowds went by ;
And measured by a hand divine
She saw the golden Scale incline
Toward the West. She heard the drums—
As when from far an army comes—
Beat clear and loud, as fiery Mars
Led forth the armies of the stars ;
Swift up the eastern sky advance,
She saw Orion's flaming lance ;
The warrior's ox-hide shield upraised
Against the Bull, whose forehead blazed
With Aldebaran's splendid light ;
His golden falchion flashing bright,
Seemed to drive back the shades of night ;
Procyon barked, and Sirius growled ;
While in their front the monster howled ;—
The wolf from far that scents his prey,
Followed the chase till dawn of day ;
Where the celestial River rolls,—
She saw a mighty drift of souls,
As when on earth calamity
Of war or pestilence, comes nigh.

From the pine barrens faint she heard
The cry of a belated bird, —
Like one that makes a dreary moan,
When nest, and nestlings all are gone.

The mistral-wind began to blow
That to the ships at sea, brings woe,
"Woe to all those who sail the seas
When rise the stormy Pleiades,"
She murmured as along the sands,
She walked and wrung her burning hands,
And when a mist-cloud, white and fleet,
Enwrapt the moon in winding sheet,
She knelt upon the sharp-edged stones
And moaning kissed the charred bones.
The morning wind filled all the sky,
And wide she saw the lightnings fly; —
She gathered seeds from every spear,
Thousands on thousands, bright and clear,
She gathered handsful, ashes, too,
And mixed together, then she blew
Her breath — away they flew,
On the east wind damp, the west wind too,
Which ever way the wild wind blew,
To the far North; on land and sea,
The wind blew fast, and furiously, —

But South, oh, how the wind did blow!
As the wild woman seeds would throw,
And as she scattered seeds of war,
They seemed the points of a falling star!

One might have seen in those sad years
The reddening points of battle spears,
Like trees, when first they start to grow,
And pale red leaves begin to show,
If one had eyes. If one had ears,
So keen and sharp to hear one's fears,
One might have heard the soldiers grow!
In many a seed-bed high and low,
In every valley, east and west,
The soldiers laid with arms at rest;
Through North and South on every hill
The soldiers stood, with arms at will.

AFTER our people hung John Brown
The quarrel grew stronger; and down
South were some who said,
"Those foolish people in the North
Are always sending warnings forth;
If we shall lose this thing they dread,
Then we must work to earn our bread,
Like hirelings. We will go away

And make a new state, where we may
Make laws to suit this case of ours,
Which needs the most peculiar powers."

They laid their plans, and laid them well,
No one the secret dared to tell ; —
Ambitious men who sought to wreck
Our government, that they might deck
Themselves in purple, and in linen fine,
As kings of earth, by right divine —
Held all our southern land in thrall
At toss of dice to rise or fall ;
They heard their homeward chariots roll ;
Their wills were strong, they would control
The storm, and guide its whirling winds
To suit the purpose of their minds.
But when the North-men saw their drift,
And knew their purpose was to lift
High in the gaze of all the world
An empire vast, whose flag unfurled
Against our flag, like dark cloud curled,
Would blot the sunlight from the skies ;
To reach far down the centuries
And rob the millions yet to be,
Of their great birthright, liberty ;—
And 'round our lovely Land, to draw

The specious net of feudal law ;
To stay her swift advancing feet
Toward her high destiny, replete
With all that makes a Nation grand
And glorious. With stern command,
Indignant then, the North said "No,
You shall not have the leave to go ;
To us the fathers gave in trust
This goodly Land ; false to their dust,
False to our God, and Liberty,—
Did we permit such wrong to be.
One flag, one Nation here must be
One government from sea to sea."

Ah then, 'mongst us, was wrath indeed
No one can now the riddle read,
Or ravel out the tangled thread,
That wove the web so dark and dread
Of one sad war, but this we know
A debt of gratitude we owe
To the brave men who freely gave
Their lives, our Nation's life to save.
"That government of all, by all,
For all, and in the name of all,
Should never cease on earth to be"
While rivers run to seek the sea,

So said our martyr President
When up to Gettysburg he went
To dedicate that ground to those
Who fighting fell. Laurel and rose
In tenderest wreaths of white and red
Twine for the brows of our brave dead.

Never before, in any land
Since War first laid his bloody hand,
In hate on man, was seen such hosts,
When war was done, silent as ghosts
That fade away at morning light,
The soldier disappeared from sight,
Took off his sword,—laid by his gun,
The Nation saved, his work was done ;
His sword to ploughshare then was turued ;
Life's peaceful tasks he quickly learned.
As stars in heaven radiant glow
Our hero-soldiers' deeds should show
To the last hour of dying time,
That tale of sacrifice sublime
To listening ears should still be told
When those sad years are " days of old,"

Many down here were loth to go,
They heard the winds blow high, blow low,
And hoped, as many a time before,

'Twould be a war of words, no more.
They loved the Union, passing well,
That mighty word, a mystic spell
Had twined round many a Southern heart,
Nor would they, willingly, depart.
They thought of all the splendid past,
The Nation's record. When the blast
Of foreign war shook all the land,
And rushed to arms her patriot band
No East, no West, no South, no North,
But all at Duty's call went forth,
On northern fields the southern fell,
'Neath the magnolias all slept well.
The flag was theirs, on many a field
Of hard won valor, each had sealed
His heart's devotion with his life ;
At thought of fratricidal strife,
Men pondered, awe-struck and inert ;
And sought for measures to avert
Impending war, with all its train
Of saddest woes, but sought in vain.

Then, while the politicians talked,
And Treason and Disunion stalked
At will through legislative halls ;
A soldier brave, in Moultrie's walls,

Thought he saw mischief; and he went
From Moultrie's time-worn battlement —
Without any Orders, soldiers go
Always by order to and fro —
To Sumter's fort well made and strong,
He had no thought of Right or Wrong.
He was sworn to the flag. He meant
Only to keep his word to Government.

On Sumter's fort he raised once more,
The dear old flag his father bore
Through storms of war, and battle's roar;
When the noon sun in splendor blazed,
With solemn rites the flag he raised;
In his own hand he held the cord,
And each, and all, before the Lord
In reverence knelt. The Chaplain prayed
That God to weakness lend his aid;
When the prayer was done, a deep "AMEN"
Came from the lips o' the kneeling men;
The flag went up with shouts and cheers,
Mayhap, I know not, brave men's tears;—
And the whole wide sweep o' the soldiers' band
Burst in a strain of music grand,—
"Hail Columbia! Happy Land!"
But not for long, the dear flag waved,

Its foes defiant, 'neath it raved,
And on an April morning gray,
A fierce Columbiad blazed away,
From a battery near by, in the bay
Where fort and Charleston city lay.
The guns were fired, again and again
You see they hoped Fort Sumter's men
Would answer back. When rose the sun,
Fort Sumter fired a signal gun,
And our sad war was then begun.

The guardian Angel of the Land,
He whose place it was to stand
High upon Heaven's bastioned wall,
Looked down, and thro' the smoke-cloud's pall
He saw the Old Flag rise and fall,
'Neath traitor's shots that April morn ;
He saw, where fighting, all forlorn,
That little band of heroes strong,
Who thought not then of Right or Wrong,
Each one a soldier brave and bold,
Had sworn the Flag he would uphold ;
Each had a solemn promise made,
And Duty's call, they but obeyed.

THE Angel knew, the end would be,
The flag should wave from sea to sea,
Over the Land united, free ;
And yet, with fear that April day,
He watched the Old Flag wave and sway,
As each free wind that held it dear,
Blew out its folds, that morning drear.
He knew what sorrow, woe, and pain,
Should fill the land ; that blood, like rain,
Should drench the fields, the battle plain ;
And Man, by Man, in hate be slain ;
He knew what bitter tears, in vain,
Should flow, ere yet again
The Land should peace and joy obtain ;
That sorrow like a rushing river,
Should flood each heart. Misfortune's quiver
Be emptied on each helpless head,
While many a mother mourned her dead.

Nine times the flag was shot, and then
Down, at the feet o' th' fighting men
It fell. * * * With tears and pain
They ran the halyards up again,
But the Angel waiting at the gate,

Saw the flag fall. He hastened straight
And gath'ring Michael's trumpet down,
He blew a blast, that shook the town.

"Ho! mighty men anear and far!
Prepare ye now for glorious War!
Ho! for the Weak against the Strong!
Ho! for the Right against the Wrong!"

By God's own hand, Time's glass was turned,
Its sands were spent. And when God learned
That Time's great clock had struck the hour,
The ponderous bell out in the tower
Began to toll, tolling, tolling,
The destiny of Man controlling,
Solemn and slow, toll, toll, toll! —
And as the strokes rang out, each Soul
That heard, cried, "Woe! woe! woe!
In Heaven above, on Earth below,
In the cup where Man filled trouble,
Fill again, and fill it double."

And then a mighty Angel took
A mill-stone, near the Judgment book
That lay, and cast it in the sea
And said, "Thus Pride and Vanity
Shall be thrown down, and no more found,

And then was heard the trumpet sound,—
While watchman on the outer wall
Proclaimed, "Now Babylon shall fall."

The angel brought the Judgment book
And opened it; with down-cast look
He laid it then before the Lord,—
And said, "No other word
Can here be written. Thus it ends."
And then—like mourning friends—
All the Years behind the Throne
Came out in rank. Each its own
Sad year book held. Each head was bowed,
Each form dressed in a shroud;
And hands that trembled held a pall,
For the Land's woe was on all,
The angel read each record then,
And each Year said, "Amen"—
With right hand raised. The angel said
In whisper, as with terror dread,
"Lo! now the fields are white like snow,
To the harvest let the Reapers go."

They gathered their sickles, one and all;
And through the gate on the outer wall,
Hastened to earth in fear and pain,
The angels who gather souls, like grain.

And a great Wind, at Time's command,
Went where a furnace red doth stand,
And straight began to blow, and blow,
The banked up fires began to glow ;
And as the flames leapt up to burn,
The mighty wheels began to turn ;
And as Time paused, the stones to wet
With tears, near by in measure set,
He said, "Why is it men forget,
That though the mills of God grind slow,
Through endless ages, to and fro,
They turn, and turn, and turn,
The furnace fires ne'er cease to burn,
Yet man will ne'er the lesson learn ?"

And all the treasures of the snow,
And hail, and chilling winds to blow—
Reserved against the day of war,—
Were loosened then, and sent afar ;
Time opened wide the gates of death ;
"Man's life," said he, "is but a breath,
Swift as a weaver's shuttle flies,—
Or meteor's flash along the skies"—
And the Souls, and the Angels, each and all
Hasted away, to the outer wall.

THEN Freedom from her mountain high
Unfurled the flag. Out to the sky
As each free wind went flying by,
Its bright folds floated, far and nigh.
With high resolve and lips firm set,
Her lovely eyes with tear-drops wet,
And hand up-raised, she pointed, where
Its bright stars shone in glory fair,—
In righteous wrath she spoke with strength,
"In all this land, its breadth or length
Shall there be found an impious hand
Would take one star from out that band?"

Then to his mansion in the sun
She sent a courier—swift to run—
To call her standard bearer down
To guard the jewels in her crown,
And gave the flag to him, that he
Should hold the colors of the free;
Then gathered the eagles near and far,
They heard the cry "Prepare for war!"

That gun, first fired at Sumter's fort,
Startled the world with its report;
It echoed, echoed, echoed far—

And all the land prepared for war ;
The curious nations gathered near,
All those who rule by pride or fear,
And one his soldiers sent from far—
He hoped to gain some spoil from war.

The fire that flashed from Sumter's guns
Was like a prairie fire, that runs
Across the grass, now here, now there,
Now it is blazing everywhere !
It leaped the Alleghanies grand,
And ran like wild-fire through the land.
It burst through Kansas' walls of corn
And caught the pyre, that April morn,
Then up to Heaven the smoke up-raised,
The while that mighty bonfire blazed ;
And even the ships that sailed the seas
Could see on sky and hear in breeze,
The light and sound of crackling fire,
As burned that awful funeral-pyre ;
But God was there, to watch the blaze ;—
He saw, and guided, all its ways,
And ere had passed the battle-days,
He turned the wrath of men to praise.

Once on an evening cold and damp,
You saw them light th' electric lamp,

One minute dark, in all the town,
The next a radiant light shone down,
So 'twas up North when word went out
Of Sumter's fall, and Anderson's rout—
* * * * * They were slow to rouse,
They'd beaten their swords to shares for plows,
And their ancient, rusty battle spears,
Hung on the walls so many years,
They were useless. That swift cry comes,
"Make haste, make haste to follow the drums."
Men dropped their spindles, left their looms,
Their offices, shops, and counting-rooms,
And thousands rallied around the flag,
Like heart of one. Nor one to lag,
Thousands of voices spoke like one,
"We're ready to go, where the flag has gone!"

Down to the South, a dangerous way,—
For many waited to smite and slay,
They followed the flag, while drum and fife,
Beat in their ears of coming strife;—
The serious work of war begun,
With a bloody battle, called Bull Run.
And there, on proud Virginia's soil,
The vengeance of her sons of toil,
The woe and pain of battle-broil,

The give and take of battle spoil
Was felt and seen on 'sacred soil,'
And ere had passed the years of doom,
Her fields were swept, as by a broom,
And the Reapers thrust their sickles in,
To gather the harvest of death and sin.

Our side was beaten, forced to fly ;
Some left on the field, to bleed, and die —
Then Freedom called her children dear,
"Make haste to me, I need ye here!"
When that cry was heard throughout the North,
In haste it sent its millions forth,
Of men, and money, countless store.
If more was needed, millions more
Were ready to go, and fight for the Flag,
Nor ever again, was it called "a rag"—

The Northmen's wrath was slow to burn,
For years they'd called, "Oh! turn ye! turn!"—
They were slow to anger, when it came,
It burned like all-devouring flame ;
Where'er their cannon-thunder rolled,
From valley fair to mountain hold,
No man could live, nor house could stand,
Where'er that tempest struck this land,
A blazing brand, in God's right hand!

FROM farthest lumber camps in Maine,
Was heard a song, an old refrain:
"We are coming, we are coming,
Like swarms of wild bees humming;"
New Hampshire's hills caught up the strain,
Vermont's green mountains, sent amain,
Down to New York, and back again,
Through Adirondack's woods and hills,
As when a mountain stream o'er fills;
While Massachusetts busy sons
Straight dropped their pens, and took their guns;
Connecticut, Rhode Island, too,
Made haste to wear the loyal blue;
And sent the chorus echoing through
Old Pennsylvania's forests wild,
To where the broad Ohio smiled;
And Indiana's sons were stirred,
When they too heard, like singing bird,
The Illinois fall into line
To music of Wisconsin's pine;
From far New Jersey's sandy coast
Her brave boys joined the singing host,
And Maryland, and Delaware,
Though each proclaimed, "No thoroughfare,"

"No room to pass, for boys in blue,"
Were forced to join the music too —
And West Virginia's mountains strong,
Quick learned the loyal soldier's song ;
And Minnesota's water-fall
To the Iowas loud did call :
"We are all a-coming, coming,
Like a swarm of bees a-humming !"

And Michiganders, with a swell
That rivaled the old rebel yell,
Put in a verse that suited well :
"The ganders who of old saved Rome,
Have left this world and all gone home.
You 'll find we 're not that kind of fowl,
We 'll make old Rome and Georgia, howl !"

And Kansas from her fields of corn,
Jay-hawkers sent, who all unshorn,
With voices like a hunter's horn,
Sang all the time, from night till morn :
"Oh we 're a-coming, coming,
And men liken us, to these,
A cloud of hornets humming,
Like wild grasshoppers bumming,
Or locusts in the trees."

And when all sang together,
'Twas like winds in stormy weather ;
Or the sound upon the shore
Where Atlantic surges roar ;
Like the rolling evermore,
Where Niagara's thunders pour.

And California sent her gold,
That like a mountain torrent rolled,
What time the war was first begun,
Till the last fight was fought and won.

Some men went East, and some came West,
Each to the place that suited best ;
Where'er they went, their voices strong,
Carried the songs of war along,
" We are going into the Wilderness,
The wilderness of Sin ;
Forty years God's people staid,
Forty years of doubts and fears ;
But we at home, our plans have made,
That we can stay a thousand years !
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Shall go from sire to patriot son,
While grass shall grow and water run.

We are going into the Wilderness,
The wilderness of Sin ;
How long we'll stay, or when get out,
Is yet to us a thing of doubt ;
But this we know, and this we tell,
We weighed the matter very well,
We counted all the heavy cost,
Some one will win, if we get lost,
Forward ! march ! skirmish ! scout !
For now we're here, we'll fight it out !

We are going into the Wilderness,
The wilderness of Sin,
We left our wives and sweethearts dear,
They bade us haste to volunteer,
And to those dear ones safe at home,
No storm of war shall ever come.
We know this is no summer shower,
We see the clouds above us lower,
But if we do get home we'll sing
The days when we went soldiering,
A long time ago !"

AND through our Southland, each and all,
Were startled by Fort Sumter's fall ;
Even the men, whose plans and schemes
Seemed to be coming true, like dreams,
Were thrilled as by electric shocks,
When they saw coming home in flocks,
Like homing pigeons, visions wild ;
Ambitious hopes, their hearts beguiled ;
They raised a flag of stars and bars
And called on every son of Mars,
" Now by the love you bear your state,
In honor bound you share her fate !"
The word went out, " To arms ! to arms !
Defend your homes from rude alarms !
The Vandal's foot is on our soil,
Drive back the Invader, lest he spoil
Our sunny land ! To Richmond, on !
Carry the war to Washington !
Defend the right our fathers gave,
The right to buy and sell a slave !
Drive back the hirelings of the North !
Bring all our stubborn cannons forth !
With Paixhan, mortar and petard,
We'll tender now our Beau-regard."

From their homes in the sugar cane,
By the slow bayou, the cotton plain,
From farthest woods of dismal swamp,
And Carolina's ricefields damp,
Men hurried to the motley throng,
That up to Richmond rushed along.
Safe in their mountains, far from foes,
They left their homes to safe repose ;
No Yankee army ere could come
With starry flag, and beating drum,
They thought, as they to Richmond went.
This was their purpose, their intent :—
"To take the Yankee government."
But best laid schemes aft gang aglee ;
They reckoned not such hosts to see,
The Union army stretching on,
A living wall, round Washington.

THEN East and West the war went on,
Sometimes we lost, sometimes we won,
Fort Henry and Fort Donelson,
And Wilson's Creek, and Lexington ;
All through our land went boys in blue,
With beating drums, and old flag true,
And everywhere came men in gray

"To drive the Invaders far away"—
We called them "Rebs"—they called us "Yanks;"
On either side was little thanks.—
The war went on by land and sea,
And our great river flowing free
From far Itasca, seemed to be
Like a great roadway: ships of war,
Gunboats and transports near and far,
Wherever steam could push them through,
There marched our brave, our boys in blue.

OUR Eastern army's tents were spread
Near to that river, where men tread
The pleasant streets of Washington,
And the word was, "To Richmond on!"
Long time they staid; when from the wall
The Warder sent impatient call,
"What of the night? How goes it by?"
Back to his ear went this reply:—
"All quiet on Potomac's shore.
Mayhap a picket — nothing more,
Is shot, as he walks to and fro,
By rifle-man from down below,
In haw or hazel thicket hid."
Like ghosts the soldiers faded 'mid

The swamps and marsh-fogs. Men must die
With burning fevers. There they lie
In nameless, unknown, lonely graves,
Above them the brown swamp-grass waves ;
In winter, blanketed by snow,
Many a mother's boy sleeps low.

And through Virginia's hapless farms,
Both armies marched, in hungry swarms
That burned and plundered. All her soil
Was steeped in blood of battle broil :
And all her valleys, rich with corn,
Were sore despoiled, and left forlorn,
So that 'twas said, if even a crow
Should wing his flight, southward to go,
His rations he must pack or die ;
No words can tell the misery
That sat like fate beside each hearth ;
No heart had any one for mirth ;
Though the glad sun shone bright on all ;
And roses bloomed beside the wall ;
And genial rains still blest the land ;
And gentle winds of summer fanned
The dreadful gobbets once called men,
Dying alone in noisome fen ;
The wrecks and shreds, some mother's sons

Tormented neath the burning suns,
And parched with thirst, while close beside
Some clear, cool branch, whose gen'rous tide
Mocked at the fevered ones, who lay
So near and yet so far away !

From Frederick to fair Nansemond,
From the Blue Ridge and far beyond,
Was heard the voice of weeping sore,
Because that they should come no more—
The first-born sons. With sorrow wild,
The father mourned his only child,
And many a proud, historic name—
Our Nation's heritage of fame—
Then passed away, because had gone
To death, the last remaining son.
In every house on pallets rude,
Of hay or straw, and without food,
Save but the coarsest, brave boys lay,
Whose tortured lives ebbed slow away ;
Like Ramah, in old Galilee,
The whole land wept, from mount to sea.

For many and many a weary day
The rebel army held at bay,
McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Pope,
Till when at last it seemed that hope

Was lost, the Rebel Lee
Went North, intent on victory.
And then at Gettysburg, the shock
Of battle came. Firm as a rock
The Union Army, under Meade,
Won laurels for itself, indeed ;
Hancock and Sickles, Sedgewick, too,
And many a loyal boy in blue,
Won for that army name and fame,
Our Nation still is proud to claim.

In the southwest, our leader Grant,
With courage, failure could not daunt,
At Vicksburg hammered night and day ;
The deadly water-batteries play, —
From guns on shore the shot and shell,
Like a wild hail-storm, constant fell ;
Women and children lived in caves,
Like cyclone cellars ; sometimes graves,
They proved to be, that crashed beneath
That awful cannonade of death.
And on that glorious July day,
Lee, beaten, miles on miles away,
Hasted along through pouring rain
To reach Virginia's wilds again ;—
Beneath the blaze of burning sun,

Grant captive held brave Pemberton.
And our blood-ransomed river, free,
Flowed then unvexed to seek the sea !

Our western boys, who day by day,
At Vicksburg in the trenches lay —
Were wild with joy, and hope and pride ;
With the dear flag, what e'er betide,
Under their leaders, strong and wise,
They wrought great deeds of high emprise.
Soldiers to-day, still love to tell
Of him, whom friends and foes name well,
The Rock of Chicamauga's field,
Whose stubborn courage could not yield,
Thomas, beloved of all his men ;
McPherson, who in lonely glen
Was shot to death, found there by one
Who lives not far from Carrollton ;
And Blair, Missouri claims her own,
His name and fame, her soldier-son,
Logan and Lyon, true and just ;
Though all are gone, their good swords rust,
The fame they won, our nation claims,
Men speak with pride, their honored names.

With Gettysburg and Vicksburg won,
The Rebel's heart of hope was gone,

Though still they fought through weary days,
And marched through many devious ways,
Till the end came, when, like the oak
That falls beneath the woodman's stroke,
Their cause to ruin swift was hurled,
And the shock shook the waiting world.
Never before, in any land,
Had government such gen'rous hand,
Such peace, good will, and care for those
Who'd shown themselves such bitter foes.

Often I've wondered how they fought
So long, so well, and all for nought;
Never before in all the world,
Since battle flags were first unfurled,
And women's hearts by war made sad,
Was fight so good, for cause so bad.
I'm very sure, had it been me,
When Sherman marched to seek the sea,
Down on the ground my gun I'd laid,
Gone to my home, and there I stayed,
And let the men who made the war,
Fight all its battles, near or far.

OUR Southland knew bold Sherman well,
He once had thought with us to dwell.
Honest, outspoken, quick to ire—
A mighty careless man with fire—
When from Atlanta he marched down,
Well, well might every traitor town,
Have cause to fear his loyal frown.
Like boys who whistle, when at night
They pass a wood in great affright,
Each tried his neighbor's heart to cheer,
And hoped thereby his own to clear ;
The dashing Yankee boys in blue,
Would never in the world get through ;
Long, long before they'd reach the coast,
In cypress swamp, or morass lost,
None would be left of all his host
To tell the tale, or make a make a boast ;
And many a brave man barred the way,
Many waited to smite and slay.

How could they fight, when sure they knew
That Sherman, bold, was swinging through
Their mountain gaps his boys in blue ?

Right in his path their cabins lay—
And home's defender's far away!—
How could they stay, when far and wide,
Full thirty miles on either side,
Bold Sherman's army spread its wings,
Like a great bird that flies and sings?
Where'er their leader, brave and strong,
Went marching, close behind the throng
Of boys in blue, went with a song—
"Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes us free,
So they sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea!"

How sad our Southland, none can say!—
What lurid splendors marked his way!—
But all who heard his beating drum,
And saw from far his army come,
And saw the red shine on the sky,
Knew well the reckoning day was nigh—
And all who heard his bugles blow,
Were thrilled as by a coming woe!
Well, well, did all our people know,
The mills of God were grinding slow,
But close, and fine, now each must go,
And claim his share; the grist that lay
So long forgotten,—take away,—

And each must pay the miller's toll ;
We heard the threatening thunder roll ;
We saw each poor and trembling soul
Of bondman rise, his shackles riven,
Foreclosed that long-gone mortgage given
For greed of gain, to Sea Wolf's hand ;
We saw in all our weary land
The Reapers thrust their sickles in,
The heavy harvest fields to win ;
That long-gone covenant made with Sin,
Blistered by many a bitter tear,
Forgotten now for many a year,
Thrilled every heart with woe and fear ;
The day of vengeance swift and near,
When Sherman's mighty army came,
Its shoes of iron, breath of flame !

What do you think the masters thought,
When among those who sang and fought,
They saw the slaves their gains had bought,
The sons of those long brought from far,
Now held as contraband of war,
And armed with muskets, bayonets too,
Wearing the loyal soldier's blue,
And singing as they marched along,
In cordant voices, rich and strong :

"Look out dar now, we'se a gwine to shoot,
Look out, dar, don' yo' un'nerstand,
Babylon's a fallin', Babylon's a fallin',
And we'se goin' to occupy de land."

HERE, in Carroll, our peaceful farms
Echoed the sound of war's alarms,
But all were hopeful, few could see
That such a dreadful war must be.
The negroes, all, in some strange way,
Would meet and talk, and once did say,
To me, a little maid of mine,
"Missee, Missee, what's you-all g'wine
To do, when Gabriel blows his ho'n ?
De judgement's a-comin', sure as yer bo'n ;
Won't you-all be skeered an' run away
When you see de dawn ob judgment day ?
Ole Aunt Cyn', don' read in her hand,
Dat hits ou' tu'n now, in dis yer land"—
But idle talk, 'twas thought to be,
And soon forgotten, save by me —
'Mong the first to say, the storm would break,
My father, and your Uncle Wake,
Were known of all ; with anxious eyes
They'd scanned the papers, from the rise

Of the first cloud, till Sumter fell,
And each would to the other tell
His heart's anxieties and fears ;
They had been friends for many years.
With us, were some, who sought to hold
That states had rights ; when these were told,
The war would last till slaves were free,
They scoffed that such should ever be ;
But in our sunny southland, too,
Many were loyal, brave and true,
And when they heard the country call,
" We too must go, she needs us all !"
'Twas harder, too, for them to go,
Than those who lived in northland snow ;
Down in Kentucky, and Tennessee,
In Missouri 'twas sad to see,
Many a family part in twain,—
Never, forever, to meet again !

Grandsire, and Uncle, bold and clear,
Spoke for the flag that both held dear,
Many an old friend passed them by,
With down hung head, averted eye—
Those who had broken holy bread
Tasted the blood of Him who said,
" Love one another, in peace agree,

Behold in Me all men are free."
Ranged on the side of ancient Wrong
The friends of Wrong grew bold and strong ;
Friends and neighbors, kinsmen too,
For none can tell what man will do,
If e'er that awful greed for gain
Fastens like leech on heart and brain.
Ah, those were dark and desperate days !
The land seemed fallen on evil ways ;
The hearts of good men failed for fear,
Although they saw the Right lay clear ;
Right meant the Flag, and Order, Law ;
For the dear flag each man would draw
His sword, and swear on sword and gun,
The rights his fathers brave had won,
Should still go on, from sire to son.
We could not weep, we scarce could pray,
God seemed to be so far away—
And though we knew our cause was just,
There was none to comfort, and few to trust.

And up rose WAKEFIELD STANDLEY then,
Ah, he was one of thousands ten,
Fitted to act, as well as plan,
A strong, true-hearted, honest man ;
Like lion roused and keen to fight

He spoke out bravely for the right,
E'en the dullest his words could feel,
His heart was gold, his nerves were steel.

It seems to me but yesterday,
Since I a careless child at play,
Would see him go about his farm,
No thought of fear, nor none to harm ;
He found within his woods and fields
The sweet contentment Nature yields ;
Life's simple round, its common task,
Was all he thought or cared to ask ;
He loved the morning song of birds,
The peaceful sight of grazing herds ;
The wind-swept music in the trees ;
His faithful dogs about his knees ;
Over the woods road winding down,
He hauled his load of wood to town ;
Lingered to talk with neighbors there ;
Or ploughed his fields in summer fair,
The farmer's life of honest toil
He found enough,—nor cared to soil
His soul, his hands for useless gain ;
Life's higher ends to reach, retain,
He made his constant, daily care ;
He loved the merry sunshine fair ;

The autumn's russet harvest time,
When all the earth, with thankful chime,
Its tribute brings of fruits and flowers,
When life seems made of pleasant hours,
And each resplendent slope is rolled
A wide-spread sea of ruddy gold,
And kindly Autumn's generous hand,
With peace and comfort fills the land.

Or when the fields were white with snow,
And cold the winter wind would blow,
Close curtained from the stormy night,
By home-made candle's mellow light,
The while his wife the stand beside,
Her shining knitting-needles plied : —
Released from care his mind was free,
With book or paper on his knee,
To seek in many a far-off zone,
The hopes, the dreams, he held his own.

Beside his open, generous fire,
What time the logs blazed high and higher ;
His dogs stretched by the chimney place,
His big grey cat of Maltese race,
With drowsy purr couched 'neath his chair,
He read the Psalmist's promise fair :—

"He giveth His beloved sleep"—
Even as the shepherd keeps his sheep,
And by still waters leads them on,
Till in green pastures they lie down,
For His name's sake He leadeth me;
Goodness and mercy follow me;
Yea, though I walk through death's dark shade,
My soul shall never be dismayed;
Thou art with me, Thy staff and rod
Shall comfort me, alone with God."
Behind each mortal's chair doth wait
The shadow of his unknown fate,
One's fire is full of friends and foes,
That like a slow procession goes;
Perhaps some subtle Fate,—who knows?
Showed to his soul the crown, thorn bound,
The Cross, the spear, the bleeding wound?
And whispered to his waiting heart,
"In Calvary's pain thou, too, hast part."

Beside his fireside's sparkling glow,
Often I've sat, without the snow,
Within the merry warmth and cheer
Of kind true hearts that knew not fear,
And heard him read the splendid story
Of our dear land; her fame and glory—

Her chosen ensign, that gray bird,
Whose cry on highest crag is heard,
When freedom is men's battle-word,
And serried ranks of freemen stand,
For justice and their native land;
With kindling eyes the tale he'd tell,
How men of his name had fought and fell,
At Eutaw, Cowpens, in the fen,
Where crouched like swamp-fox, Marion's men,
When England sought with despot hand
To wrest from us our hard won land,
Upon the broad Patapsco's wave
McHenry's flag they fought to save;
In Black-Hawk war in Mexico,
In kindred blood the fervid flow
Of patriot zeal had not grown cold;
He loved the border ballads old,
The tales of knights and heroes bold,
The story of that mountain pass,
Where fell the brave Leonidas;
And of those battles, savage, stern,
At Runnymede and Bannockburn;
He loved to read of Marmion,
And his last words, "On, Stanley, on!"
And when the drums beat loud for war,
And soldiers mustered, near and far,

He heard, amid the rustling corn,
In restless winds of summer morn,
Voices that said, "On, Stanley, on!
On Glory's fields is honor won."
And when he heard his country call
To her dear children, each and all,
He left his home for war's alarm,
One of my brothers kept his farm.
With the State troops he rode, and went
Where'er, by order, they were sent.

He was kind to all, but all men knew
He 'd sworn to uphold the loyal blue;
That he, with others, bravely meant,
To hold our State for Government;
And even his name, a strength could lend,
To honest foe, or anxious friend —
And many a man came out from town,
To hide in his corn-fields, sere and brown,
What times Bushwhackers raided down,
Corn was ungathered, the winters through,
The men had weightier work to do.—
'Tis said a good man loves the trees,
He loved them, planted them; birds and bees,
And flowers, grew 'neath his kindly hand,
He, Nature's laws could understand;

Her quiet whisperings, soft and low ;
Her secrets of the frost and snow ;
And I was told, by one who knew,
That when a boy, and small, like you,
He heard the corn grow in the ground,
And the potatoes say, "Turn 'round,
Make room for us, we want to grow."
His sense so fine, and keen to know.

And I have heard, that when he slept
Under the elm, and strangers kept
His old home farm, a big, brown hound,
Was wont to go, and wander round,
Seeking, if any trace be found —
Of his old master. True to race,
At the warmest side o' the chimney-place,
He would lie by the fire, and sleep
For hours. * * * If dogs can weep,
I do not know, but they do dream —
He went for fish to Moss creek stream ;
Or on the winter mornings raw,
He hunted ducks on Wakanda ;
And on a crisp October morn
He chased the rabbits through the corn ;
Or scented quail in stubble-fields ;
We may not know what sleep reveals ;

But his fierce eyes wore kindlier gleams,
He found his master in his dreams.
These things seem trivial now to tell,
I aim to make you know him well,
For every man, God has a plan,
The boy is father to the man.

HERE in our state was work to do,
But Uncle Wake impatient grew,—
He was no sunshine soldier. He
Out at the front thought men should be.
It chanced that he one day came down,
When camping at a neighbor town ;
And I have heard my brother say,
That as they rode, one snowy day
Down to a bottom farm for corn,
He told how all the land was worn
With cruel war ; that all must go,
To battle with relentless foe,
Ere peace could come with honor won,
And his heart said, "On, Stanley, on !"

'Twas when the winter turns to spring,
And winds blow soft, as heralds bring
Good news afar to the wandering,

He said to us, "I too must go,
When war drums beat and bugles blow ;
I have thought it long, I dare not stay."
And he rode to the war, away,
In the shortest month of all the train
That brings the summer days again.
I mind, as if 'twere yesterday,
He came out home to give good-bye,
'Twas a grey day, all the wide sky
Was flecked with clouds, as scales that lie
On a fish's back. On the prairie near
The cattle-bells rang loud and clear,
Fringed by timber, wide fields lay,
Like pools of water ; as in play,
Birds and leaves in air together,
Were blown about in windy weather.
The voices of children, girls and boys,
Out doors made merry, joyful noise,
Children were happy-hearted then,
War's sorrow was for women, men.

There was grief too deep to speak of here,
Parting, too sad for word or tear,
As one who entering unaware
Some holy place, disturbs a prayer,
And half ashamed, and half-afraid,

Goes softly out, no whisper made,
So we * * * Love never can grow cold,
No weight of years will make Love old.
Your Uncle Wake, and grandsire dear,
Held talk, that others might not hear,
Times were troubled. Men did not choose
That women know, lest some might use
To hurt of others, thoughtless word,
Women will talk, but this I heard,
Uncle was holding his bridle rein,—
Your Grandsire spoke, as one in pain :—

"The God of Israel bless and keep
Thee when from home ; awake ; asleep ;
Secure from every ill that harms,
Safe in His everlasting arms ;
And cause the light of His face to shine,
In tenderest love on thee and thine,
And give His angels charge, that they,
May lead thee on thy dangerous way ;
Nor dash thy foot against a stone,
But safe return unto thine own.
If it must be"—his voice was shaken
As a reed in the wind, "thou 'rt taken
As sacrifice for another's sin —
And many shall fall ere Right can win —

But Right will win. Baptised in blood,
Our Land shall rise from 'neath the flood.
I see her, where serene she stands,
A beacon light for other lands,
All eyes shall see what God hath wrought.
She kept the faith, in might she fought,
Through all her borders order brought ;
Even through her weakness strong in fight,
The alien armies put to flight —
And Death himself, shall lose his sting,
When all her hosts triumphant sing :
" Rejoice, oh Land ! thy sons are free !
Oh Grave, where is thy victory ?"

" Jubilant bells, from every steeple,
Tell the news, to the waiting people ;
Tumultuous shouts from a million men,
Repeat to the world, their glad Amen !"
He paused a moment, — as he saw
The lovely scene he sought to draw,
Of peace and order, light and law ;
Your Uncle raised his earnest eyes,
Toward the far off clouded skies, —
As if to read their mysteries ;
And what the future held in store ;
Then your Grandsire spoke once more :

"But God hath band His arm to slay,
And ere shall dawn that blissful day
Many shall mourn, and pass away;
And many a town be desolate,—
Destruction wait beside its gate;
In sorrow passing to and fro,
About the streets the mourners go;
With flaming fire, God's angels come,
To take his ransomed people home;
Sorrow shall brood upon our land.
It may be that His chastening hand
Shall fall on thee;—but, if so be,
Consider Him who died for thee,
Hold fast His promise, 'twill abide
Steadfast and sure. * * * He will provide
Some better thing for those who strive
'Gainst wrong, and die that others live.

Think what a cloud of witnesses,
Are watching now, this war, that is
To us a chastening, grievous, sore,
And if we see thy face no more,
From that great law of force that runs
Through myriad worlds with myriad suns,
By one great heart-beat pulsing through
Each human heart and spirit too,

Like music chords that blend in one,—
We know that Love will have his own.
And when thine earthly race is run,—
The battle fought, and victory won—
When Love, in hope rejoicing, turns
From sun that shines, and star that burns :
Yonder, beyond the clouds and sky,
Shall Love find immortality !"

Your uncle's eyes were bright, a glow,
Like light from fires that burn below ;
He raised his hat, his head bent low,
And turned to his horse as if to go.
Half-hid by the broad rimmed hat he wore,
Low in the sky, like a boat near shore,
Hung the crescent moon, a silver thread,
And some one called, "Turn, turn yo' head,
There's always trouble to one who sees
The new moon through the leafless trees."
The jest was idle, * * * lips can smile,
Though hearts are breaking all the while.

Within the house, a girl's voice sung,
A sweet old song of time long gone—
"Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet ?

How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet.
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Ever to be true.
Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain,
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying we may meet again."

Children, dogs, and negroes, too,
Crowded around ;—a last adieu,—
He patted the dogs, he spoke to all,
Beyond the woods a bugle call
Rang out. * * * Down the woodland road
Into the shadows gray he rode,
And I heard him say, as he rode away,
"All else may die, Love lives alway."

The wind blew chill, a passing cloud
Covered the moon like snowy shroud ;
From the wailing wind, and stormy night,
I went to the house place warm and bright,
There by the firelight's ruddy glow
A girl sat singing, sweet and low,
The sorrowful song of long ago :

"Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain,
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying we may meet again."

The flickering firelight on the wall
Made giant shadows, that seemed to fall
Into lines like a funeral pall;
The singer was silent, the wind rose low,
In its eerie tones were sounds of woe;
The night came down with gusts of rain
That beat on roof and window pane,
I heard in voices of wind and rain
Over and over the sad refrain,
"Praying that we may meet again."

Spring-time and summer passed away,
How near the end was, none could say;
As the days went by their weary round
It seemed that Wrong was gaining ground;
There came one bright October morn—
We had gone to the fields for corn—
A neighbor, came in haste from town,
Bushwhackers and Rebels marching down
With full intent to take the town,
A fight was on. From the country side,
Each man and boy to town must ride,

Then, out from Carroll's fields and farms
Poured men and boys, like bees in swarms;
Down through the winding woodland road
With smile and jest in haste they rode;
Merry and bold, they rode along,
One was humming a tender song,
They saw in every bush and tree,
A hiding place for the enemy—
But when they came to the crest o' th' ridge,
And saw the pickets at Brush creek bridge;
And heard the strength of the Rebel force,
Each rider was fain to breathe his horse—
The gay talk ceased. Heavy and solemn
Rode up-town the marching column.

'Twas a covered bridge, of which I speak,
There is now another spans the creek;
I doubt if to-day the place you'd know,
Railroad and brick-yard change it so.
We waited at home, there came no word,
The days went by, until the third,
And then we heard: At dawn of sun,
The town surrendered. Not a gun
Was fired for defense. I do not know,
Perhaps, 'twas best to have it so.
And I, a woman, cannot know

The wisest thing for men to do ;
The town's defenders were but few,
And not well armed. Good men, and true,
This course advised. The risk was great,
To fight seemed but to tempt their fate ;
I've heard the whole sad story told ; —
The Rebel leader, bold and cold,
Made it appear his force was strong, —
Too late 'twas learned his tale was wrong —
They counseled earnestly and long ;
And women anxious vigil kept ; —
Only the little children slept
Through all that long and dreary night ;
At last when came dawn's cold pale light,
The Rebel's promises were fair,
Our men stacked arms about the Square,
Each gave his word to fight no more
Until exchanged. At Painter's store,
On the east side, there used to stand
An old frame house ; at one's right hand,
A narrow passage-way led through
Between the walls, and many threw
For hiding there, their useless guns ;
And others, so the story runs,
In an old well, that was near by.
Their rifles cast, with many a sigh.

With manhood's grief too deep for tears,
They hid their sorrow and their fears,
And often since, I've heard men say,
When talking of that woful day,
"If WAKEFIELD STANDLEY had been here,
That victory would've cost them dear,
His heart was worth a thousand men."
Ah, he was a man of thousands ten,
A leader, born of his fellow men.

I have heard said, since war is o'er,
Virginia and Missouri bore
The brunt of war, and suffered more
Than other states. This may be true,
That old-time mortgage falling due,
The fathers' sins on us were laid,
Payment was sure, though long delayed;
And Carroll's children paid the debt
With compound interest. Even yet,
The shadow of those awful days
Lies on our hearts, makes dark our ways.

You know how honest boys will frown
If one strikes at the boy who's down—
And so in war, when prisoners yield
Themselves, their arms, their captors shield
The lives of prisoners with their own. And so

For honor's sake, they're bound to do ;
In the chill autumn morning gray,
These prisoners all were led away ;
Down our familiar village street
They walked with heavy-laden feet,
Captors and captives, side by side,
And thence on to the river's tide,
And on a boat that plied between,
They all crossed over to Saline ;
In rebel stronghold, with no friend,
No generous foe to them defend,
'Twas known to all, that six should die
Ere sank the sun in evening sky,—
And two, whom cruel death should claim
Were of the Standley blood and name.

These strong brave men led out to die
Three stripling boys,—you must not cry—
They were all brave,—and in death's face
Our kinsmen proved their ancient race,
Though their death was the town's disgrace ;
The very ground whereon it stood
Should sacred hold their name and blood ;
Their own Grandsire, by word and deed,
'Tis on our records, all may read,
Gave ground whereon the town is built—

He little thought of such dark guilt,
He little dreamed would come a time
When in the flush of manhood's prime,
The men who bore his blood and name,
Should die by Wrong, a death of shame.
The stones in the street should cry aloud
Against such deed. And, sure the proud
Old hunter must have stirred
In restless grave, to hear that word.

I've read in tales of long ago, —
The martyr's death in pain and woe ;
Who sang as flames rose high and higher,
The praise of God, midst cruel fire,
Of men, who passed in life's eclipse,
A sword at side and jest on lips ;
Those who on gory scaffolds died,
A rose on breast, and eyes of pride, —
Looking, unmoved, in the grave's abyss,
Disdaining defense. I ne'er thought of this,
That I, even I, should live to see
Men of a kindred blood to me,
Look death in the eyes, defy him there,
With hearts of courage to do and dare ; —
Their souls triumphant, their faces bright
With the glow of Heaven's eternal light !

Six leaden balls, death's errand sped ;
Six noble men lay cold and dead ; —
This was their crime, they wore the blue,
Obeying orders, as soldiers do.
Others had suffered at their hands,
'Tis said. I know such record stands.
But-this I know, their greatest crime,
Long time before, in that dread time,
When Freedom called her children dear,
Each one made answer, "I am here,
Ready to go, at Duty's call,
Let weal, or woe, or death befall."
They perished in their country's cause,
And well have earned the land's applause,
The same as those who fighting fell,
In foremost rank, by shot and shell.

Then when the awful deed was done,
The Rebels rode toward the setting sun ;
And left the men, each as he fell,
And no one dared the tale to tell.
For days and days, in many a home,
Were anxious hearts, lest woe should come,
There came no word. A kinsman true,
One who had served his country, too,
Went to the river, again, and again ;

Sometimes alone, with squads of men,
'Twas said, that if he sought to pass,
He should not return. Alas! alas!
The weary days and weeks rolled on,
Till when nearly a month was gone,
A mother's heart could bear no more,
"I will go," she said, "to the other shore,
Alone, if I must, and gather my dead."
Two sons of hers, their blood had shed,
Twin brothers they, and scarce had sped
But eighteen years on each bright head.
'Twas the eighteenth of October drear,
We mark, with sadness, that dark year,
Of eighteen hundred and sixty-four;
Sorrow for us it held in store,
And worse was to come. God? you say,
Sure God was asleep, or gone away,
I think he forgot our world that day.

Then others, too, said they would go
To the other side, come weal or woe.
Women were brave and strong, like men,
In those dark times. They made ready, then
They crossed the river in canoes;
On sand-bar stranded, through the ooze,
They waded water above their shoes;

And up the bank, through weeds and brush,
They kept their way. You need not hush
Your sobs. Ne'er sadder sight was seen.
They came to the brink of a deep ravine,
A prairie-wash, above, in air,
They saw by birds that hovered there,
The place was reached of deep despair.

A Christ-thorn tree rose bristling, grim,
High, on a gnarled and knotted limb,
A hat was thrown, the sport of air,
The hat some loved one used to wear ;
Some grey old trees half-shaped a church
It seemed, and from its lofty perch,
Upon the rafter-branches high,
A black-winged bird, with cat-like eye
Looked upon them curiously.
Like creaking sails in stormy seas,
They heard in branches of the trees
A sighing sound. But no wind stirred,
Nor was there voice of any bird ;
'Twas as the mourning earth below,
Had told the trees her tale of woe ; —
The wonderful, beautiful autumn leaves
Covered the dead, as one who grieves
Had spread upon them a yellow pall,

And golden-rod and sunflowers tall,
With Spanish bayonets, made a wall ; —
And the wild roses would bloom there
When summer came with sunshine fair.

A kindly woman, at dead of night,
With a servant's aid, in great affright,
Had hid the ghastly heap from sight ;
Honor to her that she could dare
To cover the dear ones lying there,
Though ever so slight, from storms of rain,
That beat on them again, and again.
She had a book, a home-knit glove,
All that was left of life and love.

The women came, with their tales of woe,
Though men were willing, none might go,
Over the river, again they went,
With coffins, burial-robes, intent
To lift the dear ones lying there,
And give to earth again, with prayer.
The earth was thrown on each dear head,
Save but brush, naught screened the dead ;
With aid of some kind-hearted men,
The dead were lifted, coffined. Then
From off in the timber, men drew near

To question why they had come there.
But men in Saline were too busy to care
For a few sad women in despair.
They 'd other sort of work to do ;
Riding or marching the whole night through,
Startling turkey and coon from sleep,
Making women and children weep.

A dim haze filled the cloudy air,
And wrapped its stillness everywhere,
A wind stirred in the yellow leaves,
And the sad dove that ever grieves,
Down in the woods, sent mournful cry,
Even the wind went hurrying by. * * *
* * * * * On the prairie near,
The cattle scattered, as in fear.
The sorrowing women waited round,
That dark ravine was holy ground ;
They heard the barking of a dog,
From a farm. From a mossy log
A squirrel peered with curious eyes ;
The sun was ashamed, and in the skies
He wrapped himself in clouds of gloom,
When the dead rose from shallow tomb.

Martha, with Mary's gentle eyes,
Told me this tale, and I saw rise,

The while she spoke, that rock hewn tomb
In old, hill-built Jerusalem,
When women went to roll away
The stone from where our dear Lord lay,
And could these be less blest than they?
No Angel veiled himself in white,
No shining glory met their sight,
But nearer than their sad hearts knew,
Was One who bore their sorrows too,
He saw their tears, He felt their grief,
'Twas but the rustle of a leaf,
The passing wind, to earth's dull ear,
They wist not that He was so near!
His gentle benediction given,
Raised their sad hearts and eyes to Heaven,
And through the chill November wood,
Beyond the dark Missouri's flood,
By faith they saw that land afar
Where ne'er is felt war's cruel scar,
Where Love, and Hope, and Joy abide,
They saw the Heavenly gates swing wide,
And a keen shaft of arrowy light
Pierced through the clouds—a vision bright—
That seemed to say, "though men may die,
Yet evermore, unceasingly,
As hid beneath the winter snow,

The wheat is growing, swift or slow,
So threads of life spin to and fro,
From heart to heart. As acorns fall
And rise in leafy verdure tall,
So life shall burst through death's dark thrall,
And like the wide, earth-circling sea,
Surround us with eternity."

We brought our dead! Their graves you see
At Trotter church, 'neath an oak tree,
Your Grandsire wrote with pen of flame
Strong words, and true, for each dear name.
We read it, graven there on stone,
To each who will, it may be shown,
Oh, that brave boy! — your kinsman too,
He was fair to see, with eyes like you,
When over the river they carried him
He looked in the eyes of muskets grim,
Cruel, relentless; his voice rang clear,—
"I die for the flag, the old flag dear."
I am glad that Carroll's record 's clean,
Well is that county named Saline,
The sun shines fair on vale and hill,
Salt and bitter I call it, still;
And ever the solemn river rolls
A requiem for the dead men's souls.

My father's heart was filled with woe,
He wrote a letter, that it might go
To Uncle Wake, and take the word
* * * * And when he heard
Of his brave young brother's cruel death,
Killed, by murderous, fiery breath
Of ancient Wrong, his strong heart yearned
Over the boy, who scarce had learned
The lesson of manhood's bitter strife,
This weary mystery we call life;
When he read how young Alick lay,
His body unburied, day by day,
He was filled with wrath, that would not yield,
Till our flag should wave on each Southern field.

I TOLD you, my child, how Uncle Wake
Had gone to fight for the old flag's sake,
His life in his hand, to win or lose,
That was the time when men must choose,
Whether our flag should hold the land,
Or the states divide—a hostile band;
Through that dark summer of '64
Was heard the sound of cannon's roar,
The hearts of strong men failed for fear,
And brave men fell for the old flag, dear;

In East and West the war went on,
Sometimes we lost, sometimes we won,
From the Rapidan to the river James,
Through the wild Wilderness, the flames
Of war blazed high ; the General said,
"Though in the ranks each man fall dead,
We shall stay here the summer through,
And fight on this line, boys in blue."
Here in the West, above the clouds
And mists that shut them in like shrouds,
Our boys fought. By the camp-fire bright,
By Rodman's, Dahlgren's fiery light,
Men saw the war was Wrong 'gainst Right,
And Parrote, Sawyer, in thunder tone:
"Wrong must down from his ancient throne,
In the sweat of his brow earn his bread"—
By the light of musket flashes, red,
"Amen!" "Amen!" the soldiers said;
Behind the war-clouds, shining through,
They saw the old red, white and blue,
They knew the flag, like freedom's sky,
Must shelter all who 'neath it lie.

Through spring and summer, autumn days,
We heard of Uncle, words of praise;
His letters said little—these tales I tell
Were told by one who knew him well.

THERE is a town in Tennessee,
The town of Nashville, fair to see,
Its white dome rises high in air,
Wisdom and Learning gather there ;
A deep, broad river flows beside,
On all its hills are trees of pride.
'Tis a lovely place, so I've heard say,
In sunshine soft on a summer day ;
But in that drear December weather,
City and sky were sad together —
Sherman had marched to seek the sea,
Men were in doubt, what yet might be,
When up through fields and piney wood,
Foot and horse, the rebel General Hood,
Marched through the apple orchards, good.

He had all to gain, and naught to lose ;
His footsore soldiers needed shoes ; —
The ground was rough to unshod feet,
They needed clothes, and food to eat ;
The town held stores for our soldiers good,
Of arms and clothing, money and food.
Bold and brave the men in gray,
Straight to Nashville pushed their way,

And many a daring deed was done
By the pale light o' the winter sun,
By men in blue, and men in gray,
As step by step they fought their way —
The ground was rough, and timbered, too,
No wheels could pull the wagons through,
And save the cannon, nought on wheels
Could go through the hard frozen fields.—

All their supplies were put in packs,
And strapped on mules, or horses' backs.
One day came an Order, Uncle Wake,
And others too, their men should take,
And guard a mule train going down,
With shot and shell, to Campbelltown ;
Wary and bold, they rode along,
Though some would sing an old war song,—
Soldiers will sing, though hearts are sad,
Music, they say, makes soldiers glad.
All night they'd ridden fast and far,
When in the east the morning star
Showed daylight near, the troopers all
Halted at sound of bugle call ;
They corraled their horses, kettles swung
In gipsy fashion, and some flung
Themselves to ground for a moment's sleep,
While others waited a watch to keep.

Around the bend of a wooded hill
The enemy waited, silent, still,
Ready to make a tiger spring—
A sudden dash, and out they fling
A sudden flash, the carbines ring,
The bullets whistle, sping, spang, sping!
The mules stampeded, the drivers swore,
Courage and pluck could do no more.
The train was captured, our men were beat,
Sadly their bugle called "retreat"—
Away from the pike, across a field
The horsemen galloped, each would shield
Himself from bullets flying fast,
Then Uncle Wake, as they galloped past,
"Ride fast, for your lives! No one must lag—
Halt! where is it? Who carries our flag?"
For he saw, as swift they passed like wind,
Their guidon true was left behind.
In pause of rebel drum and fife—
"I dropped the colors to save my life!"
A spark of scorn like lightning's flash
Leapt from his eyes, with sudden dash
He wheeled his horse, and down the pike—
I wonder if men ever saw the like!—
He spurred his horse to utmost speed,
For rider, horse, there was need, indeed!

Surprised at his deed, the rebel crew
Forgot to fire, as he passed through;
He rode as only Missourians can,
It seemed to the eye that horse and man
Were one, as swiftly on they went,
And no one dreamed of his intent,
Till he reached the spot where the guidon lay,
In blood and snow that winter day.
Firmly he gathered his bridle rein—
And bending low to his horse's mane,
Close, close to the horse did the rider cling,
Quick he gathered the precious thing,
And raising himself he held on high
The guidon blue to the sunlit sky!
Up and away! — with sudden spring,
'Mid the rifle's flash, and minie's sing,
Back on his perilous ride he sped,
The dear flag flying o'er his head.

On and on, through the leaden hail,
That hurtled, and whistled, a stormy gale,—
His coat of faded yellow and blue,
Was target for pistol practice, too,
And his good horse seemed to feel and know
Why his kind master urged him so,
On many a time of wild alarm

He 'd carried his rider safe from harm ;
His hoofs struck fire,—he galloped on,
As he knew life was lost or won ! —
Those who watched, half shut their eyes,
When they saw horse and rider rise
For a leap at the wall, a spring, a bound,
A rush in the air, and safe to ground,
He reached the place of his waiting band,
And gave the flag to the soldier's hand.
" Hold fast your colors, man," he said,
" Lose 'em again, I 'll shoot you dead."

The soldier looked in those eyes of blue —
I think, my son, he had eyes like you,
Blue, like the steel in the blade of a sword —
He knew your Uncle would keep his word ;
From that day on, the flag he bore
Through the wild war-storm's angry roar,
Till the strong man fell, the old flag, brave,
Lies like a shroud, within his grave.

YOU have heard, my son, of Paul Revere,
Of his ride through midnight, lone and drear,
When he bade each Middlesex town and farm,
For love of the Land, to up, and arm ! —
Of Tighlman who galloped, night and day,
To Philadelphia, far away —
To tell the life of the Land was won,
Cornwallis surrendered to Washington,
And the English were taken at York below,
In the South, a hundred years ago ! —

You have read how Sheridan thundered down
The stony pike from Winchester town ;
You have heard me tell how the troopers sped,
Where'er the brave Kilpatrick led ;
Of Pleasanton, and of Keenan, brave,
Who rode straight into an open grave,
On that pleasant eve in early May,
When Stonewall Jackson held at bay
Our boys in blue. The bugle shrill,—
The sound of that charge, — is echoing still,
That saved our army at Chancellorsville !
But of them all, no braver one,
Not Custer's ride on the Yellowstone,—

Than this I tell of your Uncle Wake,
Who rode straight back for the old flag's sake,
And gathered the guidon with daring hand,
The dear old flag, of his own dear land!
I would, that scene might painted be,
Hung then aloft, where all might see,
And men would point with hand of pride,
And tell of WAKEFIELD STANDLEY'S ride.

STILL fighting sharply, day by day,
Hood lead his weary men in gray,
Until they saw rise high in air,
The dome and spires of Nashville, fair;
He pitched his tents on uplands brown,
And sought by seige to take the town.
The Cumberland curves like a horse's shoe;
Across the bend, our men in blue
Made forts, and earthworks, then at bay
They held for long, Hood's men in gray.
In the river near, a gunboat lay,
Missourian named, Carondelet,
And gunners trained to shoot right well,
Sent from its decks hot shot and shell,
To the far off hills, where men in gray
In camps and trenches, waiting lay.

I scarce know how to tell the rest —
God had taken our nearest, best ;
Sherman had almost reached the sea,
Men doubted not, the end would be ;
Soon the cruel war would cease,
And all should hear the bells of peace.

I mind me, how my father said,
What time we mourned our kinsmen dead,
That God who of old led Israel's way,
With fire by night, with cloud by day,
Weighed then in His Almighty hand,
In scales of justice, this, our Land ;
I saw our dearest hopes were dust,
I dared to ask, if God was just.—

Young Alick Standley had been dead
But two short months, the legend read,
When a letter came from far away,
We had other and heavier price to pay.
At last forced on by desperate need,
Hood crossed the river, then, indeed,
There was a fight, that wise men say,
Held fate of war for many a day.

Late on one wintry afternoon,
An Order went, that just as soon

As morning dawned, our troops should go,
At beat of drum, at bugle's blow,
Out through the fields of ice and snow,
In battle lines to meet the foe.

When morning came, grey misty clouds,
Hid hills and town in ghostly shrouds;
And as the men marched out in crowds,
They heard the drum-beat's steady roll,
That called to death some brave man's soul ;
They saw the cannon lightnings fly
In lurid gleams across the sky ; —
They heard the cannon, boom, boom, boom,
To some brave man, his knell of doom ;
And they heard too, the loud clear call
Of the bugles, echoing, rise, and fall ;
While far above, high over all
The battle smoke, hung like a pall ;
Its dusky splendors bright and dun,
Filled all the sky, and seemed to run
In sultry glory toward the sun.

The Cumberland, just close below,
Was filled with gun-boats, row on row,
From iron-clad decks with hiss and shriek,
The shells went, screaming, each to seek

Some brave man's death. The sun looked down
On river, hills, and Nashville town ;
On men in blue, and men in gray,
Who ne'er again from that sad day,
Should see the pleasant sunshine fall,—
Or hear the clear war-bugles call.

Then high above the battle's din,
Rang out the word : " Fall in ! fall in,"
To beating drums, to bugles' blow,
File after file, the soldiers go ;
Like a machine, each man aligned ;
Brigades, and regiments assigned ;
And high above, in frosty air,
The old flag floated, each man there
Would risk his all, save honor's name,
To keep that starry flag from blame ;
The Nation's valor brave and strong,
Was there to save the flag from wrong ;
With deathless glow its bright stars burned ;
To it each soldier's eyes were turned ;
And brave men's lips half breathed a prayer,
That God would of the flag take care,
Though they should fall. Yet no one shrank,
Their cheer rose clear, from rank to rank,
Rose willing, on exultant breath—
Like a friend's greeting : " Hail to death !"

They saw the sun's bright lances shine,
On glancing waves, as line by line
In order ranged, the living stream
That flowed to death ; nor dared they dream
Which one of all that mighty throng
Should fall, as swift they moved along ;
Far in the front, the flag they saw ;
Each soldier's heart it seemed to draw ;
He thought not then of home or wife,
Each human tiger scented strife— ;
On every side he heard the drum,—
It called so loud—" come, come, come,"
He heard the battle thunders low ;
He heard the wild war-bugles blow ;
And to his soul, they said " go, go !"

And then the mighty army, strong,
A swift, resistless, rushing throng,
Like one great heart-beat, moved along.
On through the fields, fenced round with flame,
Line after line, our soldiers came ;
And with a loud triumphant cheer,
That through the hills resounded clear,
It seemed the Souls in heaven might hear,
Our boys in blue, to death drew near.

All day the fight went on ; the sun
Was wrapt in hazes warm and dun,
The flag's bright folds would float and flow
In winds that seemed to burn and blow ;
What e'er we gained, what e'er they lost,
We won that day at bitter cost,
And perished many a noble life,
Ere ceased that Cain and Abel strife.
And now, each generous heart should choose
To give a tear. * * * Let those refuse
Who will, for me, I say,
The men who threw their lives away,
At Nashville, on that wintry day —
Were soldiers good, and brave, and strong,
Though they did fight for deadly Wrong,
Well, well they knew their Cause was lost ;
They reckoned not on such a host,
As came to save the flag from shame,
With voice of thunder, breath of flame !

On the Franklin pike, scarce three miles down —
Our men had fought at Franklin-town —
Hood planted a battery. Hot shot reeled
Like knives of reaper across a field ;
Our men were falling like stalks of corn ;
Then on that cold December morn,

There came an Order : Uncle Wake,
With many others, men should take
And storm the battery. Shot and shell,
Shrapnel and grape around them fell,
'Twas distant only a scant half mile ;
The guns breathed fire, and all the while,
On every side, the death-rain fell ; —
On all sides rose the rebel yell ; —
But soldiers never reason why —
Their only business is to die —
The word was " Forward — no recall " —
One side of the way a low stone wall
Gave cover to marksmen, keen and true,
Who shot the men in loyal blue,
As they ran that fiery gauntlet through ;
On the other side a field of corn, —
There was none to put it away in the barn,
Men were too busy to think or to care,
And Death was reaping harvests there ;
From the safe covert of the wall,
Our men heard one to another call,
" Shoot low, shoot low ! —
And cripple the Yankees as they go —;"
From hiding places, amid the corn,
Our men could hear the words of scorn
" Shoot low, shoot low,
And cripple the Yankees as they go."—

Close, close to the flag was your Uncle Wake
"Come on, come on, my boys, and take
The guns, come on with me," he said,
And waved his sword above his head—
Then came a shot, beyond the wall,—
The soldiers saw their leader fall ;
One minute he cheered, the next, he lay
Right in the column's onward way—
But a comrade stepped from out the rank,
And found the shelter of a bank,
Where a little streamlet wandered through.
Ah, he was a comrade, kind and true—
Then he went forward, too, but first
Gave Uncle, water, to ease his thirst.

Then as our soldiers rushed along—
His voice was weak—his heart was strong—
He cheered them still, "Make it hot
For 'em boys—go on, and falter not,
You go right on and take the guns,"
And then each man, as one who runs
A mad race with Death for his life,
Pressed on. While drum and fife
Beat and whistled a merry strain ;
Music, they say soothes soldier's pain.

That night when the battle's rage was spent
And each tired soldier sought his tent,
This same true friend without delay
Went to the spot where Uncle lay
In blood and snow, that winter day,
Long search he made, for all the plain
Was strewn with wrecks of strong men, slain ;
When he was found, the word was, first
" Water, water, to ease my thirst,—
And lift me up, that I may gain
A moment's rest from aching pain ;"—
Then, so the comrade's story runs,
" Say,--did you-all take the guns ? "
" Aye, we took the guns, and gunners too,
Not a gun was spiked, and then we threw
Their shot and shell at that stone wall,
You should 'a seen the Johnnies fall."—
Our Generals, printed in a book,
Their words of praise, for those who took
That battery on that fearful day,
To be read, when they had passed away.

The colored troops were there as well,
Victims of rebel shot and shell ;
And the book says, " With cheer and shout,
They dashed inside the strong redoubt,

And as they went, with shout and cheer,
Loud sang their song of vict'ry clear:
"Babylon's a fallin', fallin', fallin',
Babylon's a fallin',
To rise no mo'"—

KIND hands then took the wounded man
To a barn, near by, for life's brief span
Was nearly spent. Then, in her home,
A kindly woman gave them room;
And all was done, with tender care,
Mayhap, through some answered prayer,
His life was spared a few brief days.
He marched no more war's stormy ways—
He heard the song the angels sing
At Christmas, when the joy-bells ring;—
And through that long December night,
A radiant vision filled his sight,
He saw the light that shines upon
The distant hills where Christ has gone;
Like snow-wind blown from Lebanon,
He felt on fevered brow, the breath
Of Him who took the sting from death,
The Good that came from Nazareth!—
And all the Souls, who in that war,
Would go from camp to shining star,

Gathered about him in the gloom,
And filled with glory all the room!—
And when the roll was called on high,
He answered softly, "Here am I."

I thought when I heard the story told,
Of that beautiful, wonderful tale of old,
Of Him, who in Bethlehem's stable lay —
His softest pillow a wisp of hay —
I know He comforted Uncle Wake —
The war was waged for His dear sake;
To make men holy, He died for men;
To make men free, died thousands ten.

* * Uncle Wake, when he knew the end
Was near, said to the faithful friend,
Who watched like a brother, "When I die,
Don't leave me here, alone to lie,
But take me home, that my grave may be
Under the shade of the old oak tree,
There sleep in peace, kinsfolk and brother,
There shall come to me, wife and mother." —
He 'd seen how the soldiers' graves were made,
A handful of earth, a stroke of the spade.
He knew how storms of war would beat
Over their slumber, from head to feet.

Uncle was one, of an Order true,
Whose right hand know not what left may do,
Up from the South, a dangerous road
They sent him home—a precious load—
On that day that is of all days the best,
Emblem of Heaven's eternal rest,—
'Twas bitter weather. Sleet and snow,
Made it hard for horse or mule to go,
But the word went, the country side,
And people came from far and wide ;
Came kinsfolk and brothers, mother and wife ;
Neighbors and friends ; while drum and fife
Beat in our ears a sad refrain ;
No earthly music could sooth our pain,
Your Grandsire said
That He who wept o'er Lazarus dead,
Marked every tear that sorrow shed.
And many hearts had grief like ours,
From land of snows, to land of flowers,
We had our dead, their graves were made
In stranger's land, neath alien's shade.
A hymn was sung, a prayer was said,
His Order's burial ritual read,
By one who in happiest hour of life
Joined together husband and wife :
The drum beat softly, we turned about

The bugle sounded, "lights out, lights out."
And we left him under the winter snow
Of that sad New Year, long ago.
The days were short, and night came soon,
Low in the sky hung the pale new moon,
And sentinel stars, that nightly keep
Their solemn watch o'er the soldier's sleep.

Many were there, who are now asleep
Under the trees. The shadows creep
Over the dear ones lying there.
They heed no winter, summer fair;
They sleep in silence, make no sign
When the procession comes to join
One to another. Fast they come,
We wait, till God shall call us home.
Till late there trod our village ways,
One loved, now gone, whom all men praise,
A kindly man, whom we should hold
In loving memory, brave and bold.
True friend, good heart, a good son too.
In those dark days when friends were few,
Too young to wear a soldier's sword,
He fought the fight by thought and word;
Loving and loved of Uncle Wake.
He honor held, for honor's sake.

We who are left his loss must weep
As one, half-crossed a torrent deep,
Finds the bridge gone, midway the stream,
While underneath the waters gleam.
Learn from these lives, long gone to dust,
That man in man may safely trust—
And even the weakest human heart
May of great actions make a part,
For honor shines as bright and clear
In lowliest life, as highest sphere,
And men to-day would keep the bridge
Horatius kept,—from rocky ridge
Heroic Youth would still fling down
His arms, himself, to save the town ;
The highest privilege of man,—
Is to live out his life's brief span,
Like the great sun that shines for all,
And blessing sheds on great and small ;
Grand as the sky above him spread,
Wide as the earth beneath his tread,
And endless as eternity,
Is Man's responsibility.—

Man is a king, by right divine,
He in his forehead bears the sign,
He wears an intellectual crown,

That angels from the sky, brought down.
If he degrades his royal trust,
And trails its splendor in the dust,
His manhood loses.—God is just,
The father's sin upon his child,
May make of life a desert wild ;
Nature's unwritten laws are strong,
Judgment will pass upon the wrong—
And man enslaved unto himself,
Is slave like him who's bought for pelf.

Life is worth living, to that man
Who makes of life the best he can,
And air, and vapor, cloud and fire,
Are subject to his heart's desire,—
His soul is strong to do, and gain,
No sounding line, surveyor's chain,
Can sound its depth, its height can measure,
Or gauge its power for pain or pleasure.
The sacred fire, that burns and glows
In every soul, — nor knows repose —
While life shall last, like living force,
Of Man's ideas makes the course,
And animates, exalts, inspires
To noblest aims, to high desires,
This curious, complex thing, called Man ;

And this we know, since time began,
Like the brown seed that holds the tree,
Man's soul holds vast eternity.
Greatest of all earth's mysteries
The soul that looks from human eyes,
Comrade of angels, they who trace
The airy paths of sunlit space ;
Learn to respect the human soul,
It will endure while ages roll,
And grander, nobler, clearer far
Than yonder steadfast, shining star.

When you shall grow to be a man,
Do each day's work the best you can.
Life is a warfare waged with sin,
And grandest victory man may win ;
For he who keeps his spirit down
And rules himself, wins a renown
Greater than his who takes a town,
Though dark the roaring torrent streams,
And wide the trackless prairie seems.
Experience lights a lamp, to show
The path where Youth may safely go ;
Strong pioneer, he goes before ;
The cross you bear, that cross he bore,
Like woodman with his axes true,

He cuts the trees, the paths blaze, too,
And lets God's blessed sun shine through
From point to point, a line he takes
True as surveyor's compass makes;—
He shows to you that whereof I speak:
Like scout from some high mountain-peak
His eyes have all the country scanned,
He, too, has seen the promised land!—

When you shall hear a summons, clear,
At morning dawn,—at midnight drear,
"Arise, arise, and follow me—
For now I ask thy soul of thee"—
Go, like an honest, fearless man,
Death is but part of God's great plan;
The sentence passed, when life began.
But lo! I show a mystery—
Quick as the twinkling of an eye,
Or falling star across the sky,
Man's soul, triumphant o'er the tomb,
Shall immortality resume,
And as the river finds the sea,
Return to God who made him free.

In pain, beneath God's furnace-blast,
Our land was made anew: recast

In fairer mold. As on a scroll,
By faith, the fathers saw, unroll
The future's guerdon to their sons,
A land of peace, where hostile guns
Were cast away to mould and rust,
A land whose word, "In God we trust"—
Should lift the future's vail and say,
To lands that wait the fairer day,
"Behold in me what God hath wrought!"
The blest fulfillment long time sought,
By poet, priest, and prophet taught,
A land whose every son is free,—
Free to pursue where'er he be,
His happiness, his liberty.—

Then stronger, greater than before.
Our land shall rise, from shore to shore,
Dowered by all time, with golden store,
Of hope for man; and never more
Her sons shall come with battle spears,
Her soul to vex with tears and fears—
For all the old-time wrongs shall die,
Her starry flag in God's free sky,—
Enwreathed with lilies white of peace,—
Not war's red roses,—wars shall cease—
Shall fairer shine, and brighter glow,

As pass the centuries, swift or slow,
While days and years, like grains of sand,
Fall from Time's glass at God's right hand.

And as on old Judea's hills
The song was heard ; each glad heart thrills
Anew, to hear the sweet refrain,
From farthest woods of farthest Maine,
Montana's hills, and Mexic's plain,
" Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,"
Then God shall dwell with Man again,
His star shall gem earth's diadem,
And every land be Bethlehem !—

And this our state, proud, great, and free,
Missouri, dear to you and me—
Joint heir with sister states, is she,
To our proud heritage,—liberty ;
See that no cloud or flaw appear,
And keep her chain of title clear,
To unnumbered years of future sons
While her saints remain, and her river runs,
She will live when you are old and grey,
And endure, when you are passed away.

So, now, my boy, you understand,
We honor all our patriot band,

Because they died, to save our land ;
Their graves are scattered, far and wide,
In lonely valley, on bleak hillside ;
But we give this bright day of the year
To those who fell neath the old flag, dear,
For this with sweetest flowers that blow,
We heap their graves with fragrant snow ;
We've tears for the gray, we love them, too,
But love and honor for loyal blue !—

* * * I read a tale not long ago,
Of one who died by cruel woe,
One of the few who blindly grope
In this world's dark for light. "The Hope
Of Holland." * * * When he died,
'Tis said the little children cried ;
And it was so, with Uncle Wake,
Many came near, our hands to take,
And say, "No words our grief can tell,
We knew him, too, and loved him well,"
And many mourned, but till you came
There was none to wear his dear, odd name.

Then spoke my boy, his cheeks aglow
With pride, at my tale of long ago,
I saw in his eyes, ere he spoke a word,

The steel-blue light, the glint o' the sword,
"I'm glad I'm not named James, or John,
I'll bear his name, and carry it on
And wear with honor, for his dear sake,
The queer, dear, name of my Uncle WAKE."

THE END.

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